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COLLEGE AND SCHOOL NEWS

On leave from **Clark University** faculty are Prof. A. A. McPheeters (Education), at Univ. of Cincinnati; Dr. Richard A. Schermerhorn (Philosophy), at Yale; Prof. Bernard H. Nelson, at Pennsylvania, and Prof. Booker R. Griffith, at Univ. of Pittsburgh.

Returning are Mrs. Stella Brewer Brookes (English), from Univ. of Michigan; Prof. Adolphus B. Wright (Business Administration), from N. Y. University, and Miss Collye Lee Riley, from Hampton Library School.

New to faculty are: D. F. Jeffreys, M. A. Columbia (Counselor of Men); Miss M. R. Vernon, M. A. Michigan (Counselor of Women); Miss Carrie J. Leigh, A. B. Clark, M. A., Atlanta Univ. (Mathematics & Registrar's Office).

Meharry Medical College opened its 63rd academic session Oct. 1, with 260 enrollment, beginning the administration of its new president Dr. E. L. Turner, who formerly headed the division of medicine at the American university at Beirut, Syria.

Addition of two years to **Wiley College's** Home Economics dep't has lifted its curriculum to degree level. Miss Nellie F. Tidline, M.S., Columbia, is the department's additional teacher. To the enlarged Beauty Culture Dep't has come Miss Lola L. Jones and Miss Edna M. Johnson. New economics professor is Dr. O. C. Cox, PhD. Chicago U. New Romance languages teacher is Mrs. Sarah Crosby, M.A., Univ. of Michigan. Enrollment is 400.

The new instructor of the **Hampton Institute** Band is Wesley I. Howard, associate professor of music in the College and Phenix Training School, well-known concert violinist, Fellow of Trinity College, London. He also studied at the New England Conservatory of Music and L'Ecole Normale, Paris.

A 3-day conference on "Adult Education and the Negro" was held on Oct. 20–22. Chief speaker was Dr. Morse A. Cartwright, Dir. of the American Association for Adult Education.

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Spelman College boasts a student enrollment from 26 states, the District of Columbia, the Bahamas Islands, the Virgin Islands and Italy, with Georgia supplying 196 or 56 per cent of the total.

Howard University's enrollment is 1,959, an increase of 90 students over last year. The Division of Social Sciences of the Graduate School has just published the 189-page "The Howard University Studies in the Social Sciences", containing "Africa and the Rise of Capitalism" by Wilson E. Williams and "Negro Disfranchisement in Virginia" by Robert E. Martin. **Howard** has been operating a Postgraduate Course in Venereal Disease Control since Sept. 1937, during which 25 physicians have been instructed. Erskin G. Roberts, member of Howard's School of Engineering and Architecture faculty, has been appointed as Assistant Engineer of the Power Division, Public Works Administration, Washington, D. C. He is an honor graduate of Northwestern University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Beginning July 1, 1939, Hon. William H. Hastie, Federal Judge in the Virgin Islands, will be Professor of Law and Dean of the Law School at Howard. Prof. Charles H. Thompson, Education Dep't head was made Dean of Liberal Arts on Nov. 1.

The Board of Trustees has approved construction of a new Home Economics Practice House.

Guadeloupe's Harry Mery, first exchange student from a French university to be enrolled in a Negro American university, arrived at **Atlanta University** in October from the University of Paris, a recipient of an Institute of International Education scholarship.

Atlanta's total enrollment this year in all colleges and schools is 1,394, President Rufus E. Clement has announced.

Dr. L. P. Jackson, (History) and Prof. G. G. Singleton (Business Administration) at **Virginia State College**, supervised the exhibition of the

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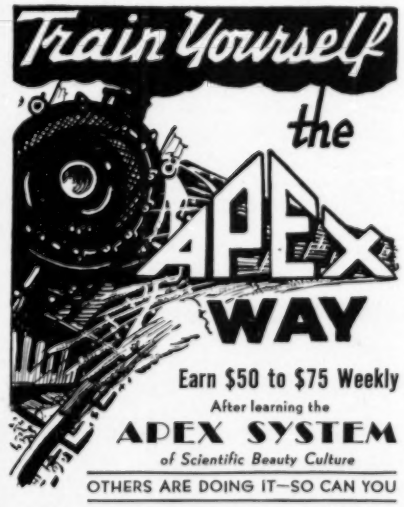
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Negro Business League of Petersburg. This annual show has awakened new interest in business. The College's Agricultural, Industrial and Art Divisions present exhibitions at the annual South side Virginia Fair, Petersburg, week of October 10.

First meeting of band-orchestra leaders of Negro High Schools and Colleges in Texas was held October 29, at **Prairie View State Normal and Industrial College,** with O. A. Fuller, head of Prairie's music dep't and president of the Texas Association of Negro Musicians, in charge. **Prairie View** is getting a $45,000 P.W.A. dining hall.

Livingstone College has five new faculty members: Clarence W. Wright, B.S. Wilberforce, M.S. Ohio State (Biology); Miss Ruth Baker, A.B., B.S.M. Oberlin (Music); John H. Satterwhite, B. A. Benedict, B.D., S.T.M. Oberlin (Theology); Miss Annie L. Swanson, A.B., M.A. Howard (English); Harold T. Pinkett, A. B. Morgan, M.A. Pennsylvania (History). On leave goes Edward J. Pierce (History) to Chicago Univ. for study. Thomas H. Bembry (Chemistry) returns after a year's study at Columbia.

President Peter C. Washington of **Jarvis Christian College,** Hawkins, Texas, recently returned from the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, Oct. 16–21, in Denver, Colo.

Dillard University's co-operative store, newly launched, is supervised by a committee of six students and three faculty members. It is an outgrowth of a successful two-year cooperative book-buying plan. Crafts and Art Appreciation courses have been inaugurated by the Dep't of Fine Arts. The Art Appreciation course is open to townspeople. Paul Ninas of the Art faculty teaches an additional course in Art Appreciation at the Canal St. Y.W.C.A.

Flint Goodridge Hospital has been placed on the list of fully approved hospitals for the seventh consecutive time by the American College of Surgeons.

Fisk University has appointed Dr. Horace Mann Bond, erstwhile Dean of Dillard University, head of the Department of Education. "A Preface to Mathematics" by Dr. Clarence E. Van Horn of Fisk, has just been published by Chapman and Grimes, Inc., Boston. Dr. Charles S. Johnson (Social Science) has been appointed a member of the Board of Home Mis-

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THE COVER

In the election of November 8, Mrs. Crystal Bird Fauset of Philadelphia was elected to the state legislature on the Democratic ticket. She has been active in civic and political affairs in the City of Brotherly Love for many years. Husband Arthur Fauset is principal of one of the large elementary schools of the city and active also in Philadelphia life. Mrs. Fauset is sister-in-law of Jessie Fauset Harris, famed novelist and former literary editor of THE CRISIS. Mrs. Fauset is another "first"—the first colored woman ever to be elected to a state legislature.

NEXT MONTH

Mercer Cook of the Howard University French faculty, who returned only this fall from a year of study abroad, contributes next month an interview with André Gide.

Sterling Brown will have a poem in the January number, one from his forthcoming new book.

There will be also a piece by Charles Carson; a short bit, "I Found Freedom in Spain," by Aaron Johnson; a story by Octavia Wynbush; and a review of V. B. Spratlin's new book on Juan Latino.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Oswald Garrison Villard was one of the fifty citizens who signed the call for the organization of the N.A.A.C.P. in 1909. He is now a contributing editor of THE NATION.

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Joyce Reed lives in Chicago. She has written a number of stories, but THE CRISIS has not been very fortunate in coaxing her manuscripts into its office.

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George Padmore is familiar to readers of THE CRISIS for his articles from London on European and African politics.

Woodrow Wilson and the Negro

By Oswald Garrison Villard

This remarkably intimate picture of the reaction of the late President Woodrow Wilson to the problems of Negroes, particularly segregation in government departments, is a section from the manuscript of a new book by Mr. Villard to be published soon. Mr. Villard writes The Crisis that because of the length of the manuscript, his publishers are insisting upon the elimination of some 40,000 words and it is more than likely that this section will be deleted. This article, therefore, becomes the only written record of Mr. Wilson's personal views on the treatment of Negroes

THE President acted immediately and invited me to lunch with him on October 7. As this was one of the most remarkable interviews in my entire journalistic career I record it here in the words of a letter written soon afterward.* I reported that I had lunched with the President and Mr. Tumulty during which we discussed general topics only, perhaps because of the presence of two colored servants. The President then took me into an adjoining room where we talked for an hour:

He began by stating the case as he saw it. He reiterated that he had this matter very much at heart; that he was working for the colored people steadily; that he hoped before he left office to accomplish something for them; that he was hampered at every turn by the senators who would not confirm any colored appointment, and who are secretly encouraged by a number of Republicans who privately express the completest sympathy with the policy.

He declared that he is working every day upon these senators and said "You know I came to Washington, with the reputation of being a schoolmaster, a task-master, without good red blood in my veins, and I have had to overcome a great deal of prejudice among congressmen and senators in order to prove to them that I was not what they thought, and also that I was sincerely anxious to accomplish my great object—the making of our party a great instrument for the public welfare and advancement. I have accomplished a great deal along this line; our success with the tariff shows that. They see that I am not working for my own interest, or for any personal aggrandizement, and as they realize this they listen to me more freely and are guided more easily by me. In time I hope to have won their respect and confidence to such a degree that they will be ready to let me guide them in this Negro matter. I even hope that the day will come when Vardaman will shrug his shoulders and vote to confirm a Negro nomination that I send in. I could not grant the Race Commission for which you asked for the reason that it would seem like investigating the South."

I suggested in the course of the conversation that we extend the workings of the Race Commission and take the curse off somewhat, by including an investigation of race strife in California and Oregon. This he declared impossible owing to the "extremely delicate situation with Japan." He continued, "I am in a cruel position; I am at heart working for these people, but I cannot come out and say so for publication because that would naturally betray my plan and method to the senators, and make impossible any accomplishments."

He explained to me his appointment of white men to Haiti and Santo Domingo on the ground that there were certain specific things which Bryan wanted accomplished, and for which he had picked white men peculiarly fitted, and that these men would be withdrawn and Negroes appointed in their places within a year.

"A Social Blunder"

When he had finished a review of the situation as it appeared to him, I said, "Now, Mr. President, may I tell how it appears to me, quite frankly?" He said, "By all means." I then told him that it seemed to me that the troubles we are now facing had been brought on by his own administration. "I had hoped," I said, "that you would leave the matter exactly where it was; that you would appoint colored men to the same offices to which Taft had appointed them." "I will never appoint any colored man to office in the South," he said, "because that would be a social blunder of the worst kind."

I said, "Mr. Bryan may have thought it was essential to appoint white men to Haiti and Santo Domingo, but I do not believe that if he had realized the significance that attached to these actions in the minds of colored people, he would have found the special reasons compelling. But the fact is that you have, as Booker Washington said in his letter that I sent you, raised the bitterest antagonism among the colored people."

"I fully realize that," was his response, "because I get it on every side. Even Mrs. Wilson's life has been threatened; I do not think seriously, but she is now always guarded." Naturally I expressed my great regret at this fact, but I came back to my contention that the present state of outrage among the colored people against him was due to his own acts, notably the discrimination in the departments at Washington. He declared that there was no discrimination really along race lines but that there was a social line of cleavage which, unfortunately, corresponded with a racial line—rather a disappointing bit of pettyfogging.

Setting Precedents

I said to him that I knew Mr. McAdoo intimately and respected his motives and sincerity as I did my own, but that Mr. McAdoo was making a great blunder in manning his Register's Department solely with Negroes in the idea that they would thus be able to compare as a whole division with the work of similar divisions of white clerks.

I said, "What Mr. McAdoo does not remember is that within ten years he will be completely out of public life and everybody will have forgotten his purpose. The only fact which will remain will be the fact that there is a 'nigger division.'" I told him that the Washington correspondents with whom I had talked were all of the opinion that it would only be a matter of two or three months before the Negro division would be looked upon as the "Jim Crow" car.

I got him here to promise to read my "Jim Crow" editorial, which I handed to him. I then told him that he and I, and all the rest of us, were but atoms on the current of our national life. He said, "I do not understand what you mean." I replied that we were only temporary actors on the stage, even he, in the life of the nation, and our period of activity short, and what I was primarily concerned with was whether one hundred years hence some horrible cruelty, oppression or injustice would not be

* Letter to Francis J. Garrison, October 10, 1913.

based by the then President of the United States upon the precedent established by the administration of Woodrow Wilson. "Now," I said, "as a devoted adherer to your own cause, and supporter and well-wisher of your administration, I do not want this to happen." "Neither," he said, "do I."

I drove home the point a number of times, that neither he nor Mr. McAdoo realized the significance of the precedents they were establishing, and that neither he nor Mr. McAdoo was aware of the way subordinates were handling this matter. I said, "No order has been issued, it is true, but because you are a southerner, and your administration is largely southern, your subordinates are going about it in a high-handed way."

I then read him extracts from Miss Nerney's* report, which I had in my pocket, including the touching case of an old colored clerk who burst into tears, not because he was reduced by reason of failing competency from first to fourth rate grade, but because he was removed from the society of white women clerks with whom he had worked daily without the slightest trouble for more than twelve years, also the placing of colored clerks behind lockers in the least sanitary portions of the rooms. I told him that this was the sort of thing that invariably came with segregation. He asked for the report, and said, "I will draw the teeth of that; I will put a stop to that sort of thing." I shall hope to send him a revised copy of this report today.

I told him frankly that I should have to break with him on this question of separation or discrimination in the departments; that however much I might respect his sincerity and his motives, neither my principles nor my conscience would allow me to stand for this sort of thing, and that I was being asked already by my organization whether my friendship and admiration for him were not holding me back from my plain duty.

I said, "You never made any reply to our letter." "I have just explained why I could not," he said. "I understand," I said, "but I am stating a fact. You have not replied to our letter, nor have you replied to our request for an official audience with you on this issue, and therefore people are saying to me, 'Are you letting your friendship stand in the way of your duty?'" "Of course, you must not do that, Mr. Villard," Mr. Wilson replied. "I see your position clearly, and I would not have you for anything shirk it; I understand perfectly."

Northern Negro Vote Important

The conversation finally wound up by my making another appeal for a hearing, which he said he would take under consideration, but he added, "I would rather *do* something than talk, but what to do I do not know." Prior to that I said to him, "Mr. President, I have given you a constructive suggestion in the Race Commission; there is another constructive suggestion in that 'Jim Crow' article. Now, surely, we may look to you for some constructive way out. I realize and appreciate the difficulty of your situation, but still there may be some way out—that is the task of a statesman."

He said, "I say it with shame and humiliation, with shame and humiliation," he repeated, "but I have thought about this thing for twenty years, and I see no way out. It will take a very big man to solve this thing." He also repeated that he hoped to move the southern senators. "Water going over the steps will, I believe, finally wear them away. But I cannot talk to them on the lines of justice; it will have to be on the lines of political expediency and the influence of the Negro vote in the states where they hold the balance of power."

I also said to him that apropos of his interview with Henry George, people were saying that he was abandoning his executive power and turning over some of his functions to the Senate. He said, "But what can I do?" "Well," I said, "you can do what Grover Cleveland did and what Theodore Roosevelt did—you can continue to send nominations to the Senate and leave the responsibility of the rejection up to the Senate. If Grover Cleveland could do it you can do it." He admitted that, but he did not say that he would. I also read to him the very stinging editorial from the Des Moines *Register* and *Leader* accusing him of showing the white feather in this matter; he distinctly winced.

When it was clear Wilson would do nothing I took the stump against the segregation policy and the mass meetings I addressed in Washington, Baltimore, Boston and elsewhere were the most thrilling in all my experience. In Washington 3,000 people were turned away and formed an overflow meeting; the 2,000 people in the church rose and cheered me for three minutes—proof enough that they did not share Mr. Wilson's and Mr. McAdoo's contentions that segregation was in the colored people's interest.

John Haynes Holmes, as usual, struck exactly the right note and roused the audience to a high pitch. I read a letter from Mr. McAdoo in which he declared that my speech which I had sent him in advance contained "numerous erroneous statements." Said he, "There is no 'segregation' issue in the Treasury Department. It has always been a *mischievous exaggeration.*" (Italics mine.) This was a measure of the whole inadequate and weak reply. When I read out his assertion that he could not be a truer friend to the Negro than by promoting friendly relations through the removal of causes of friction in his department the audience booed, hissed and jeered. I told all of these audiences that the President's "philosophy is wrong, his democracy gravely at fault . . ."

* Mary Childs Nerney, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P. 1912-1915, inclusive.

Gone Not Dead

(Dedicated to the memory of James Weldon Johnson)

By GLYNDON V. FLYNT

He's gone!
But he's not dead!
He's gone!
It's death
But he's not dead!
Gone!
And yet he lives!
He lives in God's bosom.
He lives in my bosom.
He lives . . .
In the song we sing,
In the stories written,
In the words spoken,
To thousands
When he walked
And talked
With his fellowman.

He's gone! Gone!
But such a soul
Could never die,
While God reigns in
Heaven high.
He'll never die! Never!
As long as one heart
Keeps beating,
As long as one child
Continues reading!

He's gone! Up!
To Heaven
Where God
Will set him to work anew.
God knew the burdens,
The heartaches,
The pain, the sorrow, here
That he would have to bear.
So God
Prepared a better place
And sent Death
To bring him home.
And now he's gone! Gone away!
Not dead.
But resting
With Jesus. With Jesus
Over there.

Love

By GWENDOLYN BROOKS

Fame is something nice.
A little golden apple
On a Lofty Bough.

Closer to the ground
A sweeter apple is—

Why climb?

Christian Science Church

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST
IN BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

June 21, 1938

All correspondence for the Christian Science Board of Directors should be addressed to the Post Office Box and not to individuals.

Your letter of May 21 and its enclosure have had our earnest consideration.

It seems necessary first for us to correct the impression which you apparently have that this Board establishes branch churches. This Board recognizes as branches of The Mother Church organizations which are formed by Christian Scientists in accordance with the rules laid down in the Manual of The Mother Church and which can comply with the usual requirements for recognition. Twelfth Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, to which you specifically refer, was formed by Christian Scientists in that city who are of the negro race. To have such a group designated "colored" when free services is a means of informing those of their own race where to find them. It is simply a statement of information which is helpful, not only to the colored people but to those who are of the white race.

It has not been our purpose to segregate Christian Scientists who are colored from those of the white race. Experience has shown, however, that in sections of this country where the negro race is in the majority, the residents are white some designation is needed to indicate which churches who are of the negro race. In a number of cities where the number of Christian Scientists of this race is insufficient to warrant the formation of a seperate church, the individuals are admitted into membership in the already established churches. In a number of cities there the these individuals are admitted into membership in the and churches composed of people of the white race the exception, it would doubtless be necessary to designate in some manner the churches composed of white people.

We feel that instead of looking upon the designation "colored" as a stigma or as prejudicial, the members of churches so noted should rejoice in the privilege extended to them to have a church of their own where they may perform all the functions of a branch of The Mother Church. Then they would realize the opportunity given for all those of their race in the city interested in Christian Science to know of their existence and to be able to seek association with them.

Experience has shown us that the ultimate ideal relationship between the white and colored people, even though they may be Christian Scientists has not yet been demonstrated. It is a protection to the Christian Science patients of the negro race for them to be associated in a branch church properly designated to which others of their race will be drawn. Our action is not a discrimination or reflection; it is more in the nature of a distinction which the public, whether white or colored people, is entitled to know. This distinction should not be interpreted or regarded as based on discrimination because of racial identity; for in relation to this Board, members of The Mother Church who are colored and members of The Mother Church who are white have equal standing and recognition.

With all good wishes, we are

Sincerely yours,

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

By Corresponding Secretary

(THE CRISIS purposely has omitted the name of the colored Christian Scientist to whom these letters were addressed. The correspondence grew out of one of the frequent protests made to The Mother Church against a brass plate on a Christian Science church in Harlem bearing the word "colored.")

"... the (Negro) members of churches so noted should rejoice in the privilege extended to them to have a church of their own . . ."

Adopts Jim Crowism

"A few years ago it seemed well to place nearly all the colored pupils in The Mother Church Sunday school in classes by themselves."

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
OFFICE OF
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

ALL CORRESPONDENCE FOR THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BOARD OF DIRECTORS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE BOARD AT 107 FALMOUTH STREET AND NOT TO INDIVIDUALS

October 18, 1938

Your letter of October 10 has been received. In answer to your specific question we are glad to give you the following information.

A few years ago it seemed well to place nearly all the colored pupils in The Mother Church Sunday School in classes by themselves. It had a tendency to relieve to be a necessary expedient. It had a tendency to relieve the Sunday School of the attendance of some pupils who were in earnest had not come really to get Christian Science instruction. It did not deprive the colored pupils who were in earnest of any of the privileges or blessings of the Sunday School, and it was satisfactory to the parents of some of the white pupils in certain cases where the parents did not wish their children in classes where there were colored children. The rule has never been enforced strictly and there have always been a few earnest pupils who were colored and who remained in classes made up of white children with the single exception of themselves.

As you perhaps know, in Christian Science each church is democratic in its government. Some Christian Science churches have found it advisable to place children of the colored race in classes by themselves, and children of white parents in classes by themselves. This is no reflection on either. And if the child and its parents are truly interested to learn something of Christian Science, the fact that the colored child is in a class with other children of its own race need not hamper its progress. Parents of the white children must be considered, as well as the parents of the colored children. Neither should feel that there has been discrimination because of some local arrangement in the Sunday School.

Sincerely yours,

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

By Hazel A. Dutch
Corresponding Secretary

Hate Is Nothing

By Joyce N. Reed

THE door would not open.

Lee's key hung in the lock. She pushed against the door with the fur coat that was slung over her left arm.

It would not yield.

She rattled the knob. And with the sudden perversity of old doors in old houses, the door swung wide.

Roger—Lee's husband—was coming down the stairs with the measured leisureliness that always marked his every move.

"Hey, ole Injun!" she started to greet him, but a door creaked open somewhere toward the back of the house.

That meant her mother-in-law was listening.

That meant her mother-in-law was standing somewhere between the kitchen and the inner hall.

In the shadow.

Listening.

Why didn't she walk out where they both could see her? Why did she have to stay out of sight—keep silent—and listen?

"Where were you all morning, Lee?" Roger asked and walked toward her.

Lee left the door and met him.

"I've been in jail!" Lee said distinctly so her voice would carry back in the shadow between the kitchen and the inner hall.

Roger moaned. "Anything left of the car?"

"The car? I wasn't in an accident. The car is all right. I was in a morals case—morals court or whatever you call it when you are taken out of a raided house!"

That banged the door shut.

That made the door bang shut in the shadow between the kitchen and the inner hall.

Roger said nothing. He took the coat gently from Lee's arm and stood aside so she could go upstairs. When he had laid the coat on the arm of the chair by the table, he came upstairs too. His steps were unhurried.

Lee was in her room, tossing off her hat, tearing off her gloves. She breathed in deeply and let her eyes rest on the color and loveliness that made the room.

"This is one place where Hell isn't! It has not brimstone in here yet!" Lee thought.

She touched a chair, a shade, fussed with her hair, then dropped back on the couch.

Roger closed the door carefully.

An old, old story of the battle between a wife and a mother-in-law, given a bitter twist by the color line within the color line

Lee turned her eyes up to the ceiling so that she would not see Roger.

There were times when she loved him for his calm immobility.

But when there was a tale to tell that carried her in quick rushes before everything—a speck of dust in the winds of Life—she never looked at him. He always made her impulses seem bad taste with his patience and aloofness.

Right now he sat silent.

There were no rays of disapproval pricking against her, but she could sense that he had gone deeper within himself. He was not reaching out to her.

"I aint approved!" Lee commented racily to herself.

Then she began to talk.

"I COULDN'T sleep last night," she began then waited.

Her husband did not say anything.

She started again, "My mind was hurtling and racing and hurdling and hopping and skipping—so I got up at half past four—"

She stopped once more. He had told her where the keys to the car were before she went—so he knew all that.

He knew everything, too, that had kept her awake.

They had been reading—Lee had gone so far into what she was reading that she sensed rather than saw that Roger had dug a pencil out of a vest pocket and was scribbling—

He had spoken all at once. "Lee! Don't you think you spend too much money on the house?"

He had had to say it twice before she really heard him.

But she finally asked "Why? I am spending no more than usual!"

Roger had tapped the pencil on the paper for a moment. "Well—", he seemed to be searching for words. "My mother said that she thought that we spent altogether too much!"

A geyser of angry words had roared inside of Lee's mind. "Tell your mother to end her visit that started six months ago and go home! Tell her that I did not spend nearly so much money until she decided to cook the meals alternate weeks!—And since she serves her Roger the fatted calf in every form from roast through salad and stew in her cooking weeks—my own menus have to be anemic assemblings of what I can afford! She blasts the hole in my household money—and I sweep up the dust! Tell her to go home!"

The geyser only roared inside. Lee only answered aloud soberly, "I'll look into it."

Then she had to grip her toes down in her slippers to keep from rushing out of the room at once to search out his mother—and tell her all the things that six months of pricking and prying had festered in her soul.

Lee did not go.

At thirty-three Lee was still struggling with impulse—for impulse had tangled her once in the barbed wires of an unhappiness that still—nine years after—was hard to heal.

With her eyes still on her book, Lee could see all of that unhappiness—her first marriage—spread out before her.

THAT first husband had drunk all of the time, yet Lee had never seen him reeling.

In the morning he would grab a cigarette in one hand, his bathrobe in the other and he would go and mix a drink.

That lit the devilish quirk in his eyes that some people called personality.

Lee had once thought that it was charm. Later she learned it was a tip of a flame from the hell-fire of the fastest living.

He drank in the morning, then he would go to see his patients and attend clinics.

Drunk—but not staggering. Only too gay, too cocky, too glib to be entirely sober.

Lee hated it. She had been afraid not for him, but for the people he treated. A drunken doctor with needles and knives in his hands!

But nothing had ever happened. His touch was too devilishly sure. Still the fear had shadowed all her life with him.

That whole marriage had been uneasy from the start—stable as the shadow of a leaf. He had already lived three years for every year of his chronological age. But the keen edge of his excitement of living had cut new paths for her away from the conservative reserve of life as she had known it for twenty-two years—away from her Self—away from the sorrow that had given her no rest after

both her parents had been swept away from her.

For awhile her impulses outstripped his insatiable hunger for good times, until finally, so sawed by the teeth of his sensuality that her soul retched when she heard him leaping upstairs (for he could never seem to walk) Lee loosed herself suddenly from him.

"I am good to you, Lee! Why can't you stay?" he had pleaded at first.

(Good to you, Lee! Good because I never knocked you down! Never bruised or hurt you with my fists! But I say nothing of the blows I have hammered on YOU!)

"Why can't you stay Lee?" (Stay and blot out more of your real SELF everytime we quarrel and curse each other! Stay and blot out your Self! See if I can't make you and God lose each other!)

"I love you, Lee. There is something different about you! You are not stale—surfaced like most of these sisters! Stay with me!"

He had called Lee all the refreshing things like wildrose and seabreezes—and then he had gone off to stay with the stale-smooth-surfaces.

—Perhaps to test the surface tension of stale surfaces.

It was too much for Lee. You cannot live twenty odd years with the Ten Commandments then drown your Self in liquor and mad kissing in one year of unreal living.

Anyhow—who has ever been able to soak a wild rose in whiskey, flail it to straw on the threshing floors of fleshly lust, and then care for the rose—the straw—tenderly.

Lee cut herself away.

He fought to get her back. But by knowing the right persons here and there the marriage was annulled.

People called Lee odd.

Odd. The flavor of something foreign to You grafted on to your life.

You cannot lose both your parents at twenty-two—be married and divorced at twenty-four—anneal the surface of a second marriage so that your background, your pride, your prejudices, your likes and dislikes are fused to those of another so there will be no seams nor cracks that are loose enough to separate into chasms between you—and be a "placid pool of sweet content".

The tense aching spots left by the two edged sword of sorrow—the fearful doubt and shattering devastation of a disgusting love—stoke fires of unrest in you that will not cool to ashes no matter how many tears you pour over it all.

"It won't break me to lose you!" he had sneered at the last.

God did that breaking.

One night, following a lonely country road home from a gay carouse, his car turned over and pinned him underneath. Only ashes and charred metal were left next morning.

Some people say another man's wife was with him, but it was never known. It was all hushed up, erased by the sleight-of-hand coups of a society that whitewashes the crimson of Babylon with the blandest perfumes of deceitful sophistry.

It did not matter.

Lee had never loved him truly and intensely as she did Roger. But what woman who has been close enough to a man to have been his wife could hear that his funeral pyre had been lit one drunken midnight on a lonely road without a shudder? Who could have lain in the arms of a weak fool and not burned with remorse because she had left him as she had found him—a weak fool?

Lee shuddered and wondered what the Great One had said to a man who had lived for and by all the things He had told men to leave alone?

What had God said to a man who—drunk with all the excesses of living—had met Death on the run?

Just because a jumble of creeds have created a mist that blurs the simple boundaries of the Way, men who live as he had lived, think Truth lies smothered under the dust of centuries of men's wilfulness—blotted out so that a God cannot even know the Way.

Cannot know the Way—or still see every man.

THERE could be, then, no mild ordinary wonder about painful things in a mind that had suffered as Lee's had.

If Roger's mother told him when Lee was not present that his wife spent too much of his money—and said nothing to Lee—she meant to cause trouble.

Trouble.

The first shadow of Hell once more across Lee's path of living.

Lee had thrown her book from her and left the room where she and Roger had been reading.

"Is she trying to turn him from me? Its a slow process—this turning a person away from someone else! A paw here! A claw there! A knife thrust there! Some wicked tonguing everywhere!"

Lee had run a warm bath to sooth herself. All the unspoken bitterness fretted her still, though.

—Was the snake curled up in the center of Eden from the very start—or did she just happen to come and visit one day? And when she had observed the love, the loveliness, the peace and plentitude, did she decide that all this was too good for a poor fool like Lee—and straightway begin her snakiness?

By three o'clock in the morning Lee had worked over a dozen-dozen unpleasant situations that had been set up during the past six months. They all chained together and led to what?

Now it happened that Lee's mother-in-law hated her. Mrs. Sands belonged to that generation of older Negroes most heavily cursed by the old inferiority hangover left from slavedays.

She was one of those who believed that when an exceptional Negro is needed for an exceptional position—or when a colored man in an exceptional position marries—only the nearest approach to a pure Caucausian type is fit or suitable.

Mrs. Sands had never forgiven Roger, her only son.

He had raised her hopes to great heights when she saw him, an exceptional colored man in an exceptional position—and then he had dashed her sensibilities by bringing home a brown-skinned wife whose only claim to distinction was good breeding.

Not that Mrs. Sands conceded good breeding to Lee. To her the most necessary ingredient for anything that set a person apart was the earlier or later earmarks of bastardy.

Mrs. Sands hated Lee.

As long as the contacts between the two women had been limited to casual visits, there had been enough frosty smiles and felt-covered nippy remarks on the one hand and smothered annoyance on the other to pass for polite courtesy.

But when the frost and nippiness became a daily portion, the world inverted itself and what had been harmony and peace began to crack, and hell peeped through.

It was deep down. Only women know about claws sunk so deeply in an enemy's flesh that they are out of sight.

The surface skin—the civilized covering—is unbroken.

So small a thing as "my mother says we spend too much"—was like a fuse that might lead to one stick of dynamite—or it might lead to a whole mountain range of high explosives.

By four o'clock in the morning, hot-eyed and restless, Lee crawled out of bed. She lifted herself carefully so she would not waken Roger.

His breathing was even, steady and placid.

The very calmness of his sleep fretted her. She hurried into her slippers and crossed the hall to her own room.

Even here ugliness had stalked her.

"Why do you need satin chairs in a room that you use every day?" Mrs. Sands had asked her once.

"Because I love lovely things around me every day," Lee had retorted.

Had she been trying to make Roger think her extravagant even then?

What was she trying to do? Why

(*Continued on next page*)

was she always picking, twisting, prying, distorting the most ordinary things of their life together?

"I am going out! I can't stay in this place. I'll drive out on the river road," Lee decided suddenly.

She pulled on a black corduroy suit—yellow sweater—a yellow felt hat—caught up her fur coat.

She felt in her bag. Roger must have the keys to the garage. She opened the bedroom door again and went in.

Roger spoken suddenly through the darkness. "Lee?"

"Yes."

"The keys are in the gray tweed vest in the closet."

She turned on a small light, opened the closet door, inserted swift fingers and found the keys.

"Be careful!" Roger said and held out one arm.

That meant that he expected to be kissed.

Lee did not want to kiss anybody. She began a struggle to enter her coat drawing nearer to the door all the while.

"I am just going to take an early drive! Can't sleep!" she offered from the doorway.

Roger shifted his position in the bed.

"You live too intensely, Lee!" he replied and yawned.

"Some more of Mama's talk!" Lee's mind clicked. "We can't all take life in cow-like rhythmics!" she shot at him.

Then she raced down the stairs, crossed the kitchen and went out to the garage.

The city slid away behind her and the twists and turns of the broad road beside the water made her forget herself for awhile.

It was not until she had run as far out as the little colored settlement—Tootsville—that she stopped. And then she had only stopped because the paved road ended where Tootsville began.

Deep yellow streaks were showing to the east where the sun was coming up out of the river mists. The tar-paper and tin houses of Tootsville looked so inadequate and barren of any beauty that Lee began to wish that she had driven in another direction.

But what was the need of trying to leave ugliness? It had to be seen through—and lived through—or fought through—like her own troubles.

Tears gathered swiftly in her eyes and she laid her head on her arms, crossed on the wheel and cried for a long time.

LEE had raised her head to wipe her eyes when she saw, running toward her, a colored woman so stout that she might have been running off of a comic strip.

Though the fog of a wintry morning was just beginning to rise from the water, the woman was dressed only in a cotton housedress, a ragged sweater and a huge pair of felt bedroom slippers.

Stumbling and slipping grotesquely in the muddy road, she came abreast of Lee's car.

"It must be pretty terrible, whatever it is, to drive you out in those clothes on a morning like this," Lee thought to herself. She ran the glass down swiftly in the door beside her and called to the woman, "Need any help?"

For an answer the other woman wrenched at the back door of the car. Lee pivoted and unlocked the door.

She sat silent and waiting while the woman lay back against the cushions and puffed.

"Jesus sure sent you to help me!" the woman managed finally. "I got to go to the lockup! Annie Mae is in there!"

Lee turned her ignition key and put her gloves on. "I am sorry I don't know where the lock up is. Can you tell me?"

"O, shure, honey! You just go back down that away apiece and turn at Sis Joneses house and cross the railroad track and its right nigh to the preacher's!"

"May God forgive us," Lee prayed to herself. "Suppose you tell me as I drive along. Get up front with me."

The woman began to outshout the motor. "Willie Shack, he come busting up to my door talking about my Annie Mae! She and Lee Andrew Miller both been put in the lockup! I keep telling that gal to let Lee Andrew alone! She aint but eighteen and here now they gits into one of them raids last night and now she in jail this Sunday morning! I gonna stop at the preachers if God helps me and see if he can't go up to the lockup with me!"

"Will he bail your daughter out?"

"Naw! I can do that myself!" She patted her bosom with the palm of her hand. "Got my rent money here! Landlord, he have to wait! The reverend he gonna marry them two right in the lockup so when some of these nosey niggers says to me long about next week —'Seems like I heard somebody say your Annie Mae was in the lockup lass week!'—Then I can bust right back and say, 'You liable to hear 'bout anything child! Meet Annie Mae's husband!' Then they'll heish! See?"

"I see," Lee told her.

"Here's de preacher's! Let me git out!" And she was out on the pavement and up the stairs before Lee had warped the car into where a curb should have been.

The Reverend must have been accustomed to being roused at dawn to minister to his flock. He came out surprisingly soon neatly dressed in a frock tail coat.

No one asked Lee her name, so she did not offer it. She merely drove off and pulled up before a two story tin shack that sat directly on the ground.

"Here's where that fool gal is!" the mother burst forth. "Git out Reverend! Gawd have mercy! Much as I tried to do to raise that gal decent! That Lee Andrew Miller! Dirty dawg!" She muttered to herself as she waddled up the stairs.

Lee locked the car and walked in behind her.

A dirty slouch of a white man was sitting half asleep in a chair tilted against the wall.

The chair crashed down as the woman and her minister walked in.

"What you want?" the man in the chair growled.

The reverend was the spokesman. "We want to see about the lady's daughter, Annie Mae Smith."

"When did she git in?"

"Last night, mister!"

"Hey Jim," roared the man from his chair. "Second back!"

There was a sound of doors opening, of feet stumbling and an undersized black girl, shivering in a cheap velvet crumpled dress, came walking out.

"This must be Lee Andrew," Lee thought as a swaggerish black man followed the girl.

Annie Mae was blinking dazedly. "Morning, Reverend," she offered sheepishly. "Lo' ma!"

Ma sniffed and spoke not a word.

The man who had been asleep in the chair yawned to his feet and moved over to an old desk. "Couldn't you find no better place to take your girl, Willie?" he growled at the black man.

"Naw, sir." Lee Andrew accepted the "Willie" and all the rest of it with an apolgetic grin.

"All right! That little visit will cost you fifteen bucks!"

Lee Andrew dug deep in a pocket and dragged forth a crumpled mass of dirty bills. He flung a ten and a five down on the desk with a more-where-that-came-from swagger.

"Why the hell didn't you make your boy friend take you somewhere else?" was the next demand—this time of Annie Mae.

She could only grin dazedly. She seemed to be wincing in fright, more from her mother than the officer.

"Fifteen bucks, too, sister!"

Lee Andrew dug deep again, swaggered a little more, but could only produce ten dollars in singles. Mama bustled forward and laid three dollars more on the desk. But there were still two dollars missing.

A panicky hiatus followed. No one seemed to know what to do.

"There are five dollars remaining for

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Cleveland's *Call* and *Post*

From struggles and mergers and more struggles and more mergers has arisen the lively Call and Post, rapidly taking a leading place among Ohio weeklies. This is another in the series of articles on the Negro press

ON the eve of its eighteenth birthday, and much like an adolescent boy crossing the threshold of manhood, alive at last to the grim realities and attendant problems of that manhood, The Cleveland Call and Post, having thrown aside "childish things," has attained the full stature of manhood, and the indisputable position of Ohio's leading Negro newspaper both in point of size and circulation.

Paralleling the histories of most Negro newspaper ventures, The Call and Post has enjoyed its full measure of vicissitudes during its torturous progress towards its present position of leadership in its home community and state.

Launched nearly eighteen years ago by Garrett Morgan, a Negro manufacturer of hair and beauty products, as The Cleveland Call for the sole purpose of providing an advertising medium for his products, the publication, devoid of the necessary motives of racial uplift, found an apathetic public and indifferent success.

The third Negro newspaper in a field already occupied by The Gazette and Cleveland Advocate, neither of which were enjoying more than passing reception, The Call steadily drained the funds of its publisher until after five years, Morgan, having lost most of his faith and all of his zeal in the publishing field, sold it "for a song" to a group of citizens headed by Herbert Chauncey, James L. Smith and the two Murrell brothers, Howard and Edward.

Of the group, the Murrell brothers brought the only practical experience in the publishing business, having in operation at that time, a small printing business in the basement of their home. With this rudimentary equipment and a shining vision of a publishing company capable of producing an outstanding Negro newspaper, and at the same time engaging in job and book printing, the little group incorporated the Pioneer Publishing Company and installed the first typesetting machine ever operated by Negroes in the city of Cleveland. Edward Murrell was its first operator; later he taught Mrs. Ida Morgan, first full-time employe ever hired by The Cleveland Call (and still an operator for The Call and Post). Howard Murrell was editor-in-chief.

With two presses, a small jobber and cylinder, a folder, the Model 1 Linotype, and a modest amount of job type fonts, this ambitious little group went forth to fight the dragons of unbelief, precedence, and a still apathetic public.

Harry E. Smith, editor of The Cleveland Gazette, and then a leading figure in civic and political life of the city, secure in his nearly forty years of publishing of the Gazette, during which time it had been and still is published entirely by white labor in a white plant, publicly avowed that "it can't be done," and prophesied the early death of the "rash" venture.

Murrells Withdraw

The unhappy combination of job printing and newspaper publishing in the wholly inadequate plant, coupled with the inexperience of the owners, soon made the Honorable Harry E. Smith look like a prophet with honor. Internal bickering over the management and policy of the paper and plant so disgusted the Murrell brothers that they soon withdrew their machinery and ex-

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The front page of The Call and Post for June 23, 1938

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THE CRISIS

69 FIFTH AVENUE **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Editorials

Editor, ROY WILKINS
Advisory Board: J. E. Spingarn, Dr. Louis T. Wright, Lewis Gannett, Walter White

Negroes, Nazis and Jews

NEGROES, along with the rest of the civilized world, have been shocked at the crushing brutality which Hitler's Nazi Germany has visited upon the Jews in the latest outbreak of anti-Semitism in that country.

As wide as has been the sympathy of the rest of the world with the plight of the Jews, it is doubtful if any section or race has sympathized more whole-heartedly and keenly with the Jews than Negro Americans, for they have known the same type of persecution ever since the beginning of America.

But it would serve no purpose to pretend that Negroes have given their sympathy and joined in protests without clear and often bitter insight into their own position as American citizens. They look around at the Americans who can be moved to protests against brutality in another land, but who cannot recognize and protest against the same conditions within our own borders.

In their hearts, the Negroes' feelings go out to the Jews. They know what Hitler means because they have known slave overseers, plantation riding bosses, high sheriffs, governors like Cole Blease (who shouted: "to hell with the Constitution when it interferes with lynching"); senators like Vardaman, Harrison and Bilbo, of Mississippi; Watson, of Georgia; Heflin, of Alabama; Ellender, of Louisiana; and "Cotton Ed" Smith, of South Carolina.

Negroes know what it is to have school doors slammed in their faces, churches and property destroyed, jobs denied, courts judging race instead of crime, insult and humiliation heaped upon them in parks, playgrounds, theatres, restaurants, hotels, beaches, trains, buses and airplanes. They have had their property and belongings confiscated and have been driven out of town between sunset and sunrise. They know ghettoes. They have read countless signs: "Nigger, don't let the sun set on you in this town." Unlike the Jews in modern Germany, they know lynching.

(As this proof is being revised news comes of the seventh lynching of 1938 in Wiggins, Miss., but the American humanitarians are so busy denouncing Hitler that they cannot find words for U.S.A. lynchings.)

They have been reviled and misrepresented in textbooks, from the kindergarten through the research seminar. The poison of racial hatred has been spewed forth in America for generations.

It is not to be wondered, then, that even while he feels most sincerely and most deeply for the Jews, he looks with a twisted smile upon the fervent protests of his white fellow Americans who have remained for so long insensible to the crimes against freedom, justice, humanity and democracy which have been perpetrated in the United States against a loyal minority.

He wonders that these people can become so stirred over raiding Storm Troopers in Germany and remain so quiescent over raiding mobs in Dixie. He wonders that white Americans can become so incensed over the ousting of Jews from German universities and yet not raise a whisper over the barring of Negroes from many American universities. He looks askance at American clergymen and bishops becoming aroused over Hitlerland, the while drawing a rigid color line in religion in America.

(Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes told a gathering of Methodist clergymen in Philadelphia that it would be an "injustice" to America to say that lynching is tolerated here. The gathering refused to endorse a federal anti-lynching bill. The bishop then assisted with the passing of a resolution condemning Germany's treatment of the Jews.)

He gazes in wonderment at the extraordinary measures being contemplated to admit and provide employment for refugees from Hitler, while he himself knocks at the door of a thousand businesses seeking employment in vain.

In the past few weeks, our papers and our radios have been full of articles and speeches about the necessity of preserving democracy in America. An endless procession of speakers and writers has thanked God for America. Like the ancient Pharisees, we are grateful we are not as other men.

Notwithstanding the hypocrisy of most Americans, THE CRISIS believes that Negroes should continue to protest against Hitler and all that he represents. The Nazi chancellor's treatment of the Jews is all the more despicable because he is using every instrument of the state against a helpless minority. That is the only difference between the treatment of the Jews in Germany and of Negroes in the United States. Over here the central government does not use its machinery against Negroes; it proceeds just as effectively by remaining indifferent to the plight of Negroes and using its machinery *for* white people.

We should join everyone in protest. We should take part in committees to combat fascism and the spread of anti-Semitism. We who have suffered from this thing cannot degrade ourselves by harboring prejudice and hatred. Hitlerism must not come to America and, if possible, must be halted in Europe.

At the same time, we maintain—and we feel confident that the vast majority of Negroes is of the same opinion—that the best way for us to combat Hitlerism, the best way for us to strengthen democracy, and the best way for us to give dignity and honor and influence to our protestations is to set to work immediately to see that in our own country, under own own Constitution, democracy shall function as a reality for all minorities of whatever race, religion or color.

Lesson for 1940

IF the election of November 8 has any special significance as far as the Northern Negro vote is concerned, it is that Negroes are not tied to any one political party so tightly that they will not break away.

For the Democrats, the shift of Negroes away from their party in such key states as Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan means that if they expect to hold those and other pivotal states in the North and win again in 1940, there will have to be some more tangible recognition of the Negro's rights as a citizen than there has been thus far. For the Negro voter is now determined to vote for those who help him onward toward full citizenship—or, at least, to vote against those who hinder him.

The continued dominance of the Democratic party by illiberal southerners in both houses of Congress bids fair to cost the party the White House and control of the country. The hard-bitten politics of Mr. Farley and the benevolent efforts of Mr. Roosevelt personally have not swerved the southern die-hards from their determination not to treat the Negro as a citizen.

The failure to open the polling booths to thousands of qualified Negroes in the South, the maintenance of criminal discrimination in the allocation of public funds for education, the insistence upon wage differentials based upon color, and the utter failure to curb lynching and punish lynchers are practices not calculated to win the adherence of Negroes north of the Ohio river to Mr. Roosevelt's party.

These voters will be needed in 1940 to nearly the last man if the Democrats are to prevail. Of course, Messrs. Bilbo, Ellender, "Cotton Ed" Smith and others like them will keep their jobs, but what a price in prestige, power (and patronage) that their party will be paying for their lily-white vanity!

Hate is Nothing

(*Continued from page* 390)

my table next week in my bag!" Lee calculated to herself. "If I risk two of them on this girl, I'll have to serve Roger tinted broths for dinner! And his mother—!"

Lee drew out the five dollar bill.

As he made the change, the man at the desk swept Lee with his eyes.

"Who are you? The dame that was running the joint?"

Before Lee could select the worst of the retorts that avalanched through her, the Reverend spoke. "She is just a lady what helps the community at times!" he supplied smoothly.

The other man made no reply. He made a great show of writing with a scratching pen.

From the place where she was still fastened with rage, Lee could see what he wrote.

"Willie Lee Miller—five dollars. Annie Mae Smith five dollars." He wrote beside the two names.

"Dirty thief!" Lee had to choke the words deep in herself.

But already the mother and the minister, with much whispering and bustling were pushing Lee Andrew and Annie Mae to the back of the room.

And standing right there in the ugliness and the dirt, the minister began: "Dearly beloved! We are gathered to unite this man and woman in the bonds of holy wedlock!"

Holy wedlock.—

Tears crowded into Lee's throat. She looked at the mother. She was grinning joyfully. Lee Andrew smirked. Annie Mae was still dazed and frightened.

Lee could feel that old tangle of barbed wire eating into her flesh. Her first marriage.—A runaway affair. A justice of the peace. Liquor on *his* breath.

Drunken fingers gripping tight—eating down into the flesh of her arms the way barbed wire does when it is settling for a grip.

Settling for a grip that always digs a scar too deep for eternity to ever fill again.

LEE told Roger all this.

Even as she talked there was a knocking at the door. A soft knocking, but a sharp insistent rupture of the peace in the room.

"It is time for dinner! Roger? Roger!! Your dinner will be cold!"

It was his mother, calling Roger for dinner. Calling Roger for dinner from his wife's room as if she were not there. All the prongs of ugly thoughts pricked Lee at once. "In my own home—she means to omit me!"

Roger stood up hastily. "Glad you could bail Annie Mae, Lee, but we'll talk about it all after dinner. It is time to go down, so we had better hurry." He left the room.

Lee did not follow him at once. She stood up and took off the jacket of her suit.

"I'd rather go out again. I can't sit to the table with her!" Lee stood alone with herself again.

But she had gone out hours before. She had driven fast and far and come back with still no peace in her.

"Oh there's no need to run and to think and talk to myself! I'll stay in! I'll eat dinner! Wrong things can't whip you around in Arabian cartwheels forever! There is a place where they have to stop! Things have to stop! Gouging into you! Something will turn it all aside and there'll be peace and no more whipping and gouging! I'll go down!"

She freshened her face.

She would have to step aside—let go of her own thoughts—push them aside and rest the case with herself and God.

It was the point where no human mind could unravel or untangle the snarls of her life. Only a greater mind could untangle—unravel—could go before her and straighten the crooked places.

Lee went down stairs.

ROGER'S mother was preening herself excitedly in the chair opposite her son. Lee sat at the side of the table.

As a guest should have sat—Lee sat at her own table.

The mother began to talk. "Lauretta Jones is having a little tea—a sort of wedding reception—for her son Henry and his bride this afternoon!"

"Oh did they finally work up to launching the bride?" Lee asked. "There was some talk the last time I heard as to whether she would be accepted."

An angry red crept over the older woman's face. "Any connection of the Jones family is most certainly the best this city can offer! Why Lauretta's husband, Atty. Henry Lyon Jones, represents the third generation of lawyers in that family! And Lauretta was a *Brewster* before she married! The Brewsters can trace their name back to the old aristocrat who owned their grandmother! The Jones family is certainly one colored family that can claim aristocracy, I can tell you! Acceptable? Any Jones is accepted!"

("The man who owned their grandmother." Lee's mind echoed. "Aristocratic!")

"Must is!" declared Roger. "If Miss Lauretta's darling Henry never went to jail for petty larceny—then they really must be exceptional! Why Lee, when we were all living in the frat house back at college, that guy would swipe anything hockable from anybody's room! Overcoat—watch—fountain pen—typewriter—anything! He even took my cuff links! Some that had belonged to mother's grand-father!"

Mrs. Sands red glow deepened. "Roger, you must never tell that! It might get to poor Lauretta's ears and it would hurt her so! I just believe that you lost them yourself."

"I couldn't have lost them myself! I never wore them. I always kept them in my case!"

"Maybe the women who cleaned up stole them. Those ordinary Negroes are such petty thieves! I'll never believe Henry took them."

("The *man* who owned their grandmother!) The Brewsters trace their *aristocratic* names to him. Now—! those *ordinary* Negroes"! Lee repeated this all to herself.

"I wouldn't believe it either if Atty. Jones hadn't had to come up to school every year and pay off different guys for the stuff old Henry had swiped during the semester! I mean things they saw afterward in a pawn shop themselves! Everybody knew about Henry!"

Lee spoke suddenly. "Well, I don't understand why they are laying the red rug and elevating the canopy for Henry's Pearl—isn't that her name? They surely shut the door in Ann's face when she married six years ago! Mrs. Joneses daughter Ann certainly deserves as much as her son Henry!"

Mrs. Sands voice took a higher note: "But look at what Ann married! Some *janitor's* son! And they say his mother was a perfect Aunt Jemima. Why poor Lauretta nearly died! She was so afraid Ann would have a child that she didn't know what to do! Why there has never been anybody as colored as Ann's husband in any of the Jones family for generations!"

"Yet when Ann's husband bought up half the Negro district a little later, poor Lauretta began to ride everywhere everyday in one of her son-in-laws cars," finished Lee drily. "I won't be at the tea this afternoon! All of Ann's friends—her real friends—those who went to see her all the years when Miss Lauretta wouldn't—swore we'd never go to anything that the Jones tribe might give for Henry's wife. She and Henry lived together for two years before they finally decided to get married! Ann has really never forgiven her mother."

"Oh, you say the worse things, Lisa! (Mrs. Sands never called Lee by her short name) Why shouldn't a girl for-

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From the Press of the Nation

Editorial of the Month

"I Was Scared to Admit It"

Norfolk, Va., *Virginian-Pilot*

TUCKED away on an inside page of the *Virginia-Pilot* a day or so ago was a small story from Raleigh. Mrs. Sarah Lyles Britt of Chadbourn, had notified the State Paroles Commissioner that she made a mistake in August, 1936, in identifying a Negro, Charles Smith, then being tried for first degree burglary and now, as a result of his conviction, in prison for life. "I admit I made a mistake," she said. "I did not realize I was doing it. I was scared to admit it."

It is something—in fact, we think it is a great deal—that this woman has now come forward, confessed to her error and bared to all the world her unwillingness to admit it earlier. Probably it means that Charles Smith, instead of having to stay in prison for the remainder of his life, will be freed after having stayed there a little more than two years. Certainly it must mean that Mrs. Britt has lifted a terrible load off her conscience.

But what is one to say of the original offense? And what of the grave injustice done to the Negro man who, if he is really innocent, has been wrongfully kept in prison all these months? Is there anything on the conscience of the State of North Carolina?

And, finally, what does this new revelation suggest of other prisoners—chiefly, we think, Negro prisoners—who have been convicted on the mistaken identification of white people, or the frightened identification of white people, or even the malicious identification of white people, and are still in prison or perhaps have been executed? For the sad truth is that the present North Carolina incident is unusual only in the fact that it may lead to something approaching restitution. There must be scores of cases which have ended differently—have ended in irreparable tragedy.

If H. G. Wells could be induced to write a piece about some of the real dangers of American civilization, and Orson Welles could be persuaded to dramatize the piece over the radio, perhaps our people would realize that there is reason for mass hysteria.

Suggested topics: The Smyrna riotings; sharecropping; lynching; night riders; the hooded KKK; police brutality; mob rule; the economic exploitation of colored people; and the denial of civil liberties to citizens of darker hue.

The "Men from Mars" are fantasies. These threats to democracy are real.—Norfolk, Va., *Journal* and *Guide*.

What race has "pure blood?" What a silly question, Hitler to the contrary notwithstanding. Who knows the amount of mess and mixture, springing from the last one hundred years, and who can imagine that, from the last five thousand years, when men, women and children fought and slept like dogs, while journeying around the world wherever food could be found. The strong took what they wanted.—*The Union*, Cincinnati, O.

Until about thirty years ago there were no primaries to nominate officers either in Chatham county or for the city. In all of these elections colored voters took a prominent part. Their support was sought by the several aspirants, among whom their votes were split. Certain of the factions resorted to the use of money in their attempt to secure votes. Unfortunately there were among us some venal voters who fell victims of these offers, as well as certain number of white voters. There were those who were advocates of the white primary. They took this as an excuse in presenting their side, calling attention to the large sum of money spent for the purchasing of votes. Finally the advocates of the white primary won. Thus the colored voters were eliminated. Since that time it has been reported that the purchasing of votes was continued and it cost a great deal more to conduct an election. This proves that some colored voters were not the only vote sellers, and it can easily be found who these venal sellers are. The colored men who were accused of selling their votes, have been vindicated by the action of the ones who are now being accused.—The Savannah *Tribune*, Savannah, Ga.

As despicable as was the Smyrna mob of recent vintage (and we make no apology at any time for any mob), as ill-considered as was the burning of the schoolhouse and the indignities to which both colored and white people were subjected; as compromising as are the attitudes of many of the leading people of this country during mob outbreaks, it is far better for minority groups thus far in this country than for Jewish people in Germany.

There is no reason why all of the Jews in Germany should be crushed to earth and unreasonably fined for the act of one Jewish lad. But such mass punishment is simply another expression of the fanaticism that rules Germany at this time. How can any nation have faith in treaties or the word of a people who can permit such?—The Cleveland *Guide*, Cleveland, O.

Robert Quillen, columnist for a number of daily newspapers says this week the Negro vote has gotten tricky. The conclusions reached by Mr. Quillen develop out of deductions made since the November 8 election, when in a number of the border states, especially Pennsylvania, a large bloc of the black vote returned to the Republican fold.

It would have been a finer statement and a more accurate interpretation of what has happened if Mr. Quillen had said the intelligent Negro vote has finally learned what to do with tricky politicians. It ought be patent to all who study the American scheme that the Negro vote has grown up and is no longer to be treated as a child.—The *Black Dispatch*, Oklahoma City, Okla.

While the election did not endanger Democratic control of Congress, it expressed enough objection to what is being done to compel the administration to listen to the minority. The nation returns to the two party system.

For five years public affairs have been in a fever of change. New purposes and new methods prevailed. The election means that the people have not turned from the ways of their fathers entirely.

Results will be given interpretation according to the wishes of the interpreter, but all must agree that the shift was toward the middle of the road. More conservative Democrats and more liberal Republicans were the victors.—The *Call*, Kansas City, Missouri.

Reverend Lorenzo H. King, seeking election to Congress from a New York city district, was defeated principally because he had not and could not command the financial assistance needed for legitimate campaign expenses. He should not have been a candidate under such circumstances.—The *Gazette*, Cleveland, O.

A Negro Looks at British Imperialism

By George Padmore

THE present moment, when British "democracy" has betrayed even more callously, more cynically than it did in the case of Abyssinia, the efforts of a small sovereign state to withstand the inroads of Fascist aggression, is perhaps a very opportune one to consider the race relationship between the British and the coloured people within their Empire.

In discussing this problem, it is impossible for any progressively minded Negro to isolate himself from the broader aspects of the subject and view the Colour Bar Question in Britain from the purely personal standpoint. This approach would be very superficial and would avoid the pregnancy which the race problem has gained in British Imperial and international affairs today.

If in America coloured peoples are subjected to a pronounced racial discrimination, they are, nevertheless, an integral part of that nation. Despite repression and cruelty, often assuming the form of terror, the blacks of the New World have been drawn into the life of the American people, whose culture, language, religion and general social outlook they have assimilated. Long ago forgotten are the tongues, mores and customs which their slave ancestors brought with them from Africa.

Within the British Empire racial contact has assumed a different relation, since the British Negroes are confined to colonial areas. With the exception of the blacks in the West Indies, who, like the Afro-Americans, have more or less assimilated the culture of the ruling nation, the great majority of coloured colonial subjects still retain their own languages, religion and social customs. British Imperialism in Africa, with its tendency to indirect rule, has to a large extent left these intact, while rooting up the political and economic foundations of the indigenous institutions. It is these factors which account for the very different outlook which Africans have on life when compared with that of the ruling group.

Without thinking too heavily on the subject, the majority of British people, in their typically off-hand way, consider these colonial races on organic part of their Empire in the same way that Mussolini now claims the Abyssinians as an integral part of his new Roman Empire. But we would remind such people that this incorporation of subject nations has only been achieved through coercion and force and maintained by the same methods.

Great Britain's maintenance of an iron-clad color bar while pretending to democracy comes in here for a scorching denunciation

There is nothing new or original about the blustering exploits of Hitler and Mussolini. They have all been used before by the British in their efforts to obtain the subjection of less powerfully armed and more industrially backward people. With this point well in mind, readers of the North Lands will be better able to understand the viewpoint of coloured races towards Britain and the British people. For when foreign people speak of British democracy they think in terms of the national Constitution as it applies to the English population but any consideration of British democracy must include the wider perspective of the relation of the rulers towards the subject peoples within their Empire.

British "Superiority"

The intensity of the race conflict resulting from imperialism depends in some measure upon the difference in cultural background and economic status between the blacks and whites, as Professor Ralph Bunche correctly points out in his book, "A World View of Race." "Imperialist propaganda has taught the world to regard the coloured races as helplessly backward and incapable of keeping step with the modern industrial world. They are classified as 'inferior' to the 'superior' white ruling nations. And strenuous efforts are used to make these people think of themselves as backward. But this classification is not merely a theoretical one. It is used as the basis for justifying conquest and exploitation and for dividing the world into dominant and subordinate peoples."

Thus imperialism has attempted to mask its cruelly selfish economic motives behind high-sounding phrases like "Trusteeship," "Paramountcy of Native Interests," "Mandate System," etc. Belief in such sophistries is not confined to the drawing rooms of aristocratic Mayfair but is also widespread in the homes of the English middle and working classes.

Towards all peoples of whatever race the British have built up a characteristic attitude of cultivated aloofness, but most Britons, irrespective of social status, display an added aversion to peoples of darker skin. It is this racial egotism and national arrogance which has created a conflict between the British and coloured peoples of the Empire, which will render a social reconciliation between them extremely difficult even after a political and economic adjustment has been effected.

The tolerance and cordiality which the French exhibit at least towards their coloured subjects in Europe, if not in the colonies, seems foreign to the English racial temperament. There is not the same ease and freedom in the relations between the races in England as in France. The liberal attitude of the French can perhaps be traced to the philosophical ideas of the Revolution of 1789 which found expression in the doctrine of the "Brotherhood of Man." This does not imply, however, that there are no cordial relations, and even warm friendships, between individual members of the two races in Britain. The writer can testify to many such friendships. But here we are discussing group behaviour rather than individual attitudes. Most coloured students coming to England politically unconscious and with great illusions about British democracy and hospitality, drummed into them by their missionary teachers at home, soon have all this nonsense knocked out of them by boarding house and hotel keepers. The Colour Bar in Britain is certainly creating much anti-British feeling among colonial intellectuals and students. It has helped to mould many a future anti-imperialist leader of the coloured peoples. The British people are creating their own grave-diggers!

Perfidious Albion

Colour disaffection in England, however is of a peculiar type and largely hypocritical. In some parts of the United States of America, the Negro is plainly told where he is not wanted. He is segregated into certain quarters, has his own schools and universities, and eats in his own restaurants. A British Negro, for instance, landing in New York, probably would go immediately to Harlem to find living quarters. But a coloured student coming to London may telephone an hotel, and being assured that rooms are vacant, will hurry around to the address. Imagine his feelings

when a surprised clerk or landlady discovers he is not white! Shamefacedly they will declare that it was all a mistake; that after all, there are no vacant rooms. Or else, merely annoyed at having to waste their time, they will bang the door against his nose. Few Negroes in England, I imagine, have not passed through the bitter experience of looking for apartments and being told constantly: "We do not take coloured people." In five weeks of flat-hunting the writer learned to find his way competently about London.

However rich or cultured he may be, no Negro is allowed into the grand hotels and restaurants. Even the Press has from time to time given publicity to cases of celebrated persons being refused entry by well-known hostelries. But worse than this is the refusal of medical schools and hospitals to enrol Negro students and nurses. There is a case on record of a young West Indian girl anxious to study nursing in England. She applied to 25 hospitals and was in every case turned down on account of colour.

If this were done overtly, if Negroes were told openly and frankly: "Keep out, we don't want you," they would know how they stand. They would realise, if they had never done so before. that although part of the British Empire, they were that part of it which has obligations and no rights.

But the double edge of British policy is best exhibited in the fact that while West Indians are only allowed to practise medicine in their native countries if they have passed through British training, the opportunity to acquire this training is more and more being denied them by reason of the hospitals' refusal to admit them as students. And that the British Government should lend itself to this colour discrimination is indeed scandalous. A recent issue of the *British Medical Journal* carried an advertisement for a Government doctor for Jamaica, stipulating that the applicant must be white. This is outrageous when there are many West Indian doctors well qualified for the post.

To insist that there is no colour bar in England and to enforce one in practice meanwhile is particularly insidious, and it is small wonder that coloured people are convinced that the British are the most hypocritical people in the world. They always have the feeling that although an Englishman may welcome them with a smile on his lips, he has derision in his heart. And it is for this reason that the majority of them prefer to travel on any boat but a British boat. They know that they will not be subjected to the patronage which the Englishman who assures them he "is without colour prejudice" will give; nor will they have to face the amused curiosity and prying of those who are anxious "to learn the ways of dark folk," or submit to the insolent rudeness of those who, by their refusal to sit with them at table or talk to them on deck, express their true racial aversion. A Negro would far rather travel by a Greek or even an Italian boat, for he realises that while there are imperialists among the Italians, the bulk of the people are not colour conscious in the same sense that the British are.

But while retailing such specific symptoms of racial discrimination, we do not whine about them. We understand them to be a reflection of the whole British Imperial policy and the result of the jingo education and propaganda which makes the average Englishman point with such pride to "the Empire upon which the sun never sets." We see them in their real relation to the whole Colonial Question, from which they cannot be divorced.

Colorful Fascism

Viewing this inter-racial contact in its imperialist context, the blacks have never had any reason to be grateful to the British people. From the time the two races have come into contact the blacks have been made to carry the "White Man's Burden." This has taken the form of the slave trade, expropriation of land, taxation, forced labour and dangerous diseases like syphilis, with which the Africans had no previous contact.

Whatever of good the white man has brought to Africa, the natives have paid for a thousandfold. They have produced untold wealth for the imperialists in peace time, and in war time have been forced on to the battlefields to defend for their rapacious masters the wealth that was filched from them. More than this could not be expected of slaves!

It would be well for British people, and more particularly Left-wingers, when they are denouncing Nazi racialism to remember what is happening in their own colonies. While we all detest Fascist savagery, it is shamefully apparent from the facts that Hitler has nothing to teach the British ruling class in the matter of race baiting.

In South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Kenya the Africans enjoy as little democracy as the Jews in Germany. Their lands have been confiscated, they are taxed beyond measure, they are denied the most elementary democratic rights and civil liberties. They are subjected to a restriction of movement, speech and thought associated with the Dark Ages of Europe, and their punishment for any slight breach of regulations is hardly less vicious.

Were they not the geese that lay the golden eggs, it is only too probable that they would long ago have suffered the same fate as the Aborigines of Australia and the Indians of North America. Space prevents me from giving a more detailed description of Colonial Fascism in British Africa, but I hope that I shall have the opportunity of doing so in a future article.

Abyssinia's Betrayal

Here it is sufficient to say that today Africans and peoples of African descent have little enough loyalty and esteem for Great Britain, if ever they had any in the past. The treacherous role of the British ruling class in the betrayal of Abyssinia has branded itself into the hearts and minds of coloured peoples throughout the world. Africans have long memories and will never forget the infamous Hoare-Laval pact. The black man's attitude towards England is at best one of veiled hostility and concealed contempt.

For as much as the Negroes hate Mussolini and Italian Fascism, they despise even more the political acrobatics of their noble English masters. The hypocrisy of the speeches of Lord Halifax, that pillar of the Church of England, at Geneva was glaringly revealed in the unscrupulous manoeuvers of the British Government to expel Abyssinia from the League. Together they made clear to the Africans the poverty of British morality, which was exhibited to them in all its ugly nakedness.

The Abyssinian affair was but a prelude to the speedier abandonment of Czechoslovakia, whose sovereign integrity has been made subservient to the needs of British and French Imperialism. In ceding this small State to Hitler, Chamberlain has behaved no better and no worse than any other British Premier would have done in the circumstances. He has simply acted in accordance with imperial dictates; from an imperialist standpoint, he has taken the only action which could have avoided war. For he knows that war would place the British Empire in jeopardy. While there is peace the *status quo* can be maintained. What matter to British imperialists if small states are dismembered as long as they keep their colonial plunder? I hope that the coloured people of America will draw the moral from Czechoslovakia's experience.

Today the name of England is one of scorn and derision in the market places of Africa and the bazaars of India. British democracy! Why, the very words stink in the nostrils of every coloured subject in the Empire. Those who talk of the honour of England will have a big job to retrieve this "honour" and win back the confidence of the blacks.

Along the N.A.A.C.P. Battlefront

Virginia Teacher Asks Equal Salary Scale

A petition was filed with the local board of education October 27 by Miss Aline Black, a Norfolk, Va., high school teacher, asking the board to "adopt and enforce" a new salary scale which would equalize her salary with that of a white high school teacher doing similar work.

This was the opening gun fired by Virginia's colored teachers to force the state to abandon a discriminatory salary code that operates in favor of white teachers. The petition was filed by Thurgood Marshall and J. Thomas Hewin, Jr., representatives of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

According to the petition, colored high school teachers in Norfolk receive a minimum yearly salary of $699 and a maximum of $1,105; white high school teachers receiving a minimum of $970 and a maximum of $1,900 per year. This differential, the petition says, is based "solely on the ground of race or color."

Miss Black states in her petition that she was an elementary teacher in the city of Norfolk from 1926 to August, 1927, and is now a teacher at the Booker T. Washington high school here. She holds a professional collegiate teaching certificate that does not expire until 1946. She is a graduate of the local schools in Norfolk, holds a B.S. degree from Virginia State College, an M.S. degree from the University of Pennsylvania, and is working on her Ph.D. at New York University.

Lynch Bill Has Good Chance in New Congress

Passage of a federal anti-lynching bill in the House and a hopeful outlook for its passage in the Senate were seen as distinct possibilities during the coming session of Congress, according to an analysis of the November 8 election returns by officials of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

According to the report 218 congressmen were seen as casting votes for the bill.

The analysis was made on the basis of the election returns, results of an anti-lynching questionnaire sent out by the association prior to the election, and the voting records of re-elected representatives and senators during the last session of Congress.

MISS ALINE E. BLACK
She wants standard salary

According to the report 218 elected congressmen can be considered in the ranks of those who will vote for the bill. Of this number 47 signed a pre-election pledge to sign a petition which would bring the bill to the floor of the House for a vote; 116 signed the Gavagan petition during the last session of Congress; 50 voted for the bill in the last session, and 5 signed the Gavagan petition in the last session but were absent when the vote was taken.

The past records of senators in the last Congress, plus the pledges of some few newly-elected senators indicate that at the present date 38 can be counted upon to vote for cloture, to shut off debate if a filibuster should develop against the anti-lynching bill.

In addition, Scott W. Lucas, of Illinois, and C. W. Tobey, of New Hampshire, newly elected senators, had such good records as members of the lower house that it is felt they can be counted upon to vote for cloture.

This figure is not large enough to guarantee that cloture will be invoked, but it is more than half the necessary total of two-thirds of the Senate.

Senator-elect Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, pledged in writing before the election that he would vote for cloture if elected and if such a move became necessary to pass the bill.

Other newly- or re-elected senators who pledged to vote for cloture included Gillette, of Iowa; Wagner of New York; Mead of New York; Bone of Washington, all Democrats; and Barbour of New Jersey, Republican.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, did not vote for cloture last year and wrote the N.A.A.C.P. that he never expected to vote for cloture unless national defense made it necessary.

Says U. of Missouri "Belongs to Whites"

The University of Missouri "belongs to white people" and any insistence on the contrary connotes a desire on the part of Negroes for social equality with whites.

These were the views expressed with a straight face by counsel for the University of Missouri in the Lloyd Gaines case, which was argued before the United States supreme court at Washington, D. C., November 9.

They were expressed only after severe questioning on the part of the justices forced the defense counsel to admit that this was the reason for the university's exclusion of Gaines from its law school in September, 1935, on the ground that he is a Negro.

Gaines, who is represented by Charles H. Houston, of the legal staff of the N.A.A.C.P., is appealing his case from a lower court ruling. The supreme court of Missouri, denying his petition for a writ of mandamus to compel the university to admit him to its law school, affirmed the decision of a lower court last December. The ruling said that the University of Missouri was for white students only.

Gaines' counsel, in their argument, laid down a broad challenge to the right of a state to educate its white citizens at home and to exile its Negro citizens beyond the state border to get an education.

They pointed out that the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution required that no state shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of its laws, and that the jurisdiction of the state ended at the state border. They further pointed out that constitutional rights could not be measured in terms of money, and that Gaines had a right to obtain a legal education in Missouri if he was the only Negro citizen in the state who wanted such training in the law.

To the "seeking social equality"

charge made by counsel for the university, the N.A.A.C.P. lawyers replied that Negro citizens did not intend to allow any cry of social equality today to scare them out of exercising their constitutional rights.

The full bench of eight justices sat during the argument, except that Mr. Justice McReynolds left the bench after N.A.A.C.P. counsel had finished their argument, and when counsel for the university were half through. All the justices participated in questions to counsel except Mr. Justice Reed who said nothing during the entire argument. Most of the questions were directed to counsel for the university, who were frequently forced to correct overstatements which they were making trying to show how exceedingly generous Missouri had been in supporting Negro education.

At the close of the argument the court took the case under advisement. A decision is not expected before December. Counsel who argued the case for the N.A.A.C.P. were Mr. Houston of Washington, and Sidney R. Redmond of St. Louis, who is a member of the national board of directors.

Sees Opportunity For Race in Close Election

Negro citizens have an opportunity to press forward to the attainment of some of their objectives if they will use their political strength wisely in the 1940 election. This was the gist of a statement by Walter White, N.A.A.C.P. secretary, following the November 8 election. The statement in part declared:

"The results of last Tuesday's election are of enormous significance to the Negro. A minority group has its best opportunity to fight effectively for what it wants when the margin of victory between political parties is narrow. We are not able to make ourselves heard as effectively when any one party has an overwhelming majority.

"The November 8 elections indicate unmistakably that a hard fight will be made by both parties to capture the country in the 1940 presidential election. The Negro must concern himself not so much with parties and labels as with men and issues. We must keep firmly in mind the things we want: (1) Employment without discrimination and without wage differentials based on color. (2) The ballot for all qualified Negroes in the South. (3) A federal anti-lynching bill with teeth in it. (4) Abolition of discrimination in the civil service. (5) More and better schools and equal salaries for teachers in the separate school systems.

"We can make progress on each of these objectives if we will use our political strength wisely during the coming years. But if we are to profit we must exhibit greater political maturity and sagacity. We must not be selfish. While attacking local problems, we must not limit our vision to local issues. We must beware of purely racial hysteria, remembering that the world is now suffering because of prejudice and race hatred. We must not be bought off with a few jobs scattered here and there."

Branches Rally to Christmas Seal Sale

The eleventh annual Christmas Seal Sale, under the direction of E. Frederic Morrow, is moving along smoothly. Four hundred and thirty thousand seals had been distributed up to November 19. The majority of branches and youth councils have shown increased interest by doubling their orders of last year. To date, some of the largest orders from branches have been: Baltimore, Md., $200; Birmingham, Ala., $100; Tampa, Fla., $100; White Plains, N. Y., $100; Tulsa, Okla., $100; Coatesville, Pa., $100; Charleston, W. Va., $100; Steubenville, O., $80; Oklahoma City, Okla., $80; Akron, O., $75; Albany, Ga., $60; Sacramento, Cal., $50; Terre Haute, Ind., $50; New Bedford, Mass., $50; Ypsilanti, Mich., $50; Detroit (youth council), $500; Cleveland (youth council), $100; Boston (youth council), $50.

Among the national organizations cooperating in the sale through their branches in each state are the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, the Free and Accepted Masons, Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, Independent Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and the Alpha Phi Alpha and Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternities.

It is hoped that all chairmen will make their reports as soon as possible and certainly not later than December 31.

Walter White Scores Persecution of Jews

The N.A.A.C.P. joined with thousands of other individuals and organizations in condemning the brutal persecution of the Jews by Nazi Germany. Walter White, N.A.A.C.P. secretary, issued a statement declaring:

"Intelligent American Negro citizens can offer nothing short of wholehearted contempt for, and condemnation of, the unspeakable terror now being inflicted upon the Jewish people in Germany by the sadistic Nazi government.

"Our place is with every democratic force in American life today that is fighting to preserve and extend democracy for all the citizens of our country. Intelligent America sees, as never be-

BUY N. A. A. C. P.
CHRISTMAS SEALS

This attractive seal comes in the usual Christmas colors, red and green. Suitable for use on letters, greeting cards and holiday packages.

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100 — $1
200 — $2

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The winning team in the Detroit branch membership campaign, left to right: Rev. E. W. Kelly, Dr. J. J. McClendon, president of branch; Mrs. Mamie L. Thompson, and Dr. W. A. Thompson, co-captains of the winning team; Mrs. Buelah Carter, chairman of membership committee; Standing: Mrs. Carrie Brown, Mrs. Creola Finley, Attorney Robert Evans, Miss Rose Barrett, Mrs. Ester Glover, Mrs. Inez Morrow, Mrs. Ann Bradby and George Mabin

fore, that unless all our citizens, white and black, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, work together to strengthen democracy here, the horror that is Nazi Germany will obtain a foothold in the United States."

Largest Branch

The Detroit, Michigan, branch under the presidency of Dr. J. J. McClendon is the largest N.A.A.C.P. unit in the country, having 3,283 members. At the close of its regular membership campaign last June a total of $4,001.80 was collected. The winning team brought in 243 memberships, a total of $268.50. The second largest number of memberships was secured by the team of which Dr. McClendon was head, a total of 240 memberships and $295. The third largest total was reported by Mrs. Buelah Carter's team, 220 memberships and $244.

The Detroit branch has registered a protest with Fire Commissioner Walter F. Israel against the proposed transferring of two colored firemen from a station to which they had been assigned. White people in the neighborhood protested against the presence of two colored firemen at Engine House 34, located at W. Warren and Livernois avenues. Said the branch protest: "The City of Detroit can ill afford to allow real estate campaigns to dictate to them where firemen shall be placed. The two men in question have met every requirement and should be allowed to remain in the station to which they have been assigned."

The branch took a prominent part in fighting against the extradition of Washington and Josie Ellis to Mississippi. The law firm of Loomis, Jones, Piper and Colden intervened in the case for the branch.

Mrs. Agnes Lewis has been appointed chairman of the committee appointed to supervise the sale of Christmas seals for the senior branch in Detroit. Working with Mrs. Lewis to aid her in making this year's drive the best ever in Detroit are Mrs. Ada Summers, Mrs. Bessie Morton, Mrs. Jennie Young and Miss Carolyn Dent.

In response to letters sent to them inquiring as to their stand on the anti-lynching bill when it is next presented to Congress, Louis Rabout, John D. Dingell, George Dondero, John L. Carey, Clarence McLeod, who were running for seats in Congress, promised to support the bill and vote for it if they were elected.

Senator King Urged To Support Anti-Lynch Bill

Senator William H. King, of Utah, who made a nationwide radio address suggesting that the United States sever diplomatic relations with Germany because of the persecution of the Jews, was asked by the N.A.A.C.P. to cease his opposition to a federal anti-lynching bill and take a stand against brutality in this country.

The letter said in part:

"The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People notes your vigorous speech over the radio . . . expressing your indignation over the barbarous treatment of the Jews by the government of Nazi Germany.

"We are in hearty accord with your sentiments . . . because, to use your own words, of the 'brutality and fiendishness' of the persecutions.

"As we read your humanitarian sentiments, we are encouraged to hope that they indicated that you, as a senator, have reversed your position and will support legislation in the Congress designed to empower our own government to act against 'brutality and fiendishness' within our own borders."

CIO Resolution Would Open Polls to Negroes

At its convention in Pittsburgh during November the Committee for Industrial Organization (now named the Congress for Industrial Organization) adopted a resolution urging abolition of the poll tax and the adoption of the best available method of opening up the polls to Negroes in the South.

The resolution:

WHEREAS: (1) In certain states

the Republican form of government which is guaranteed to American citizens by the Constitution of the United States has been denied to great sections of the working population by means of the cumulative poll tax and by registration and voting requirements discriminatory in themselves or discriminatorily applied against racial and economic groups and

(2) The disfranchised people of such states, being deprived of their vote, are without means to alleviate their condition therefore be it

RESOLVED: That the CIO favors the enactment of appropriate legislation founded upon relevant provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and upon the financial assistance now being accorded by the federal government to the governments of the states by grants in aid and otherwise, preventing the imposition of such restrictions on the right of any American citizen to participate in federal, state, county and municipal elections without hindrance by virtue of race or economic condition.

Baltimore Raises $2200 in New Memberships

Mrs. Daisy E. Lampkin, field secretary of the association, completed a most successful drive in Baltimore, Md., where she raised a total of $2,292.18 of which $1,327.75 was sent to the national office in New York. As The Crisis goes to press, Mrs. Lampkin is completing a membership campaign in Chicago, Ill., and the incomplete report from that effort shows $2,400 raised. The complete report of the exact amount will be given in the next issue of The Crisis. Mrs. Lampkin moved on from Chicago to Louisville, Ky., where she will complete a campaign before the Christmas holidays.

N.A.A.C.P. Gets 23rd $500 Life Member

Nathan R. Margold, solicitor in the United States Interior Department, became the twenty-third life member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People October 17.

Mr. Margold sent the association a check for $50 which completed in full a life membership payment of $500. His name will be inscribed on a bronze plaque in the national office of the N.A.A.C.P. at 69 Fifth avenue, New York.

At the same time association officials announced receipt of fifty dollars from the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, marking the first installment on their life membership payment. Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority is the only other Greek letter society purchasing a life membership, having made a substantial payment on it last year.

Branch News

E. Frederic Morrow, branch co-ordinator, spoke at a dinner given by the **Rochester, N. Y.,** branch November 21 to mark the close of its membership campaign in which more than 200 new members were enrolled.

A memorial service for James Weldon Johnson was conducted by the **Newark, N. J.,** branch November 6 at St. John's church. Walter White was the principal speaker. The branch has received an apology from Julius C. Seaboch, director of program operation for station WOR for the use of an offensive word during a broadcast.

The **Portland, Ore.,** branch sponsored a benefit performance of "One Third of a Nation" October 29. The branch invited all candidates before the local voters to speak at a membership election forum November 3.

The **Pueblo, Colo.,** branch elected officers November 6. Among those on the program were Edward Williams, Clifford Seymour, Miss Elizabeth Ingram, Miss Bertha Masterson, Miss Charity Milton, and Mrs. Melba Croom Paull. The branch has made another request that the state welfare department board add a colored investigator to the staff.

The **Springfield, Ill.,** branch held its regular meeting November 7.

The following officers were elected November 7 by the **Youngstown, O.,** branch: president, Graham Lynch; vice-presidents, Mrs. C. L. Robinson and Mrs. Robert Harris; secretary, Miss Estelle Stewart, and treasurer, Mrs. Mary A. Exum.

H. Leonard Richardson addressed the **Alameda county, Calif.,** branch October 9 on the subject of slum clearance.

The **New Rochelle, N. Y.,** branch gave a dinner October 27 in honor of Miss Ethel Harris, first colored teacher appointed to the high school of that city.

The **Omaha, Neb.,** branch staged a benefit minstrel show to raise funds on October 22.

The **New Bedford, Mass.,** branch was entertained by a double quartet of the Unity Male Chorus under the direction of Walter W. Bonner at its meeting October 21. They heard, also, a talk on "Forms of Government" by Hart Cummin of the New Bedford Tax Payers Association. Cornelius Piper outlined the N.A.A.C.P. Christmas seal drive.

The **Pasadena, Calif.,** branch met October 20 to hear a speaker present the cause of the community chest. The Rev. W. A. Wilkins is president and Mrs. Milton Groomes, secretary. A nominating committee to report at the November meeting for election of officers includes: Thomas C. Walker, chairman; Dr. Edna Griffin, Mrs. Galena Mackey, Mrs. C. B. Brownlee and Mr. Durham.

Edward H. Goins, state supervisor for the N.Y.A., spoke at the Woman's League October 5 under the auspices of the **Hartford, Conn.,** branch. The branch held its election November 2 with the following results: president, Dr. Allen F. Jackson; vice-president, Mrs. Mary J. Lee; secretary, Walter R. Johnson; treasurer, I. Frederick Evans.

The **Jamaica, L. I.,** branch held another in its series of mass meetings designed to eliminate slum areas in South Jamaica and establish low cost housing projects October 19. Dr. John A. Singleton is president of the branch.

The **Steubenville, O.,** branch met October 24 at the Mt. Zion Baptist church. The Rev. J. C. Hayes was the principal speaker. The Zion Temple Gospel Chorus, under the direction of Mrs. Augustine Terry, sang. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Sophia Jones, Mrs. Essie Hampton and Mrs. Ola Blackwell.

The **Houston, Tex.,** branch met October 16 with the Baptist Ministers Association having charge of the program. The Rev. E. D. Carrington was principal speaker. A fall membership campaign and legal defense drive is being conducted with Dr. W. M. Drake as general director.

The **Waterloo, Ia.,** branch met October 27 and heard a program arranged by Dr. J. Richmond Morgan.

James E. Allen, president of the **New York State Conference of Branches,** was the speaker for the October 16 meeting of the **White Plains, N. Y.,** branch at the county center.

George Clark had charge of the membership campaign of the **Rahway, N. J.,** branch.

The **Coatesville, Pa.,** branch, which has just received its charter, held its opening meeting October 14 at which **Mayor** Albert Bergstrom spoke. William Jones gave a history of the N.A.A.C.P. and its work. The Travelers Quartet furnished music. James P. Bryant is president of the branch.

Dean William Pickens, director of branches, spoke October 17 for the opening of the campaign of the **Roanoke, Va.,** branch.

Dean Pickens spoke for the **Fairmont, W. Va.,** branch October 7.

The **Charleston, W. Va.,** branch heard Dean Pickens October 16.

Thurgood Marshall of the national office legal staff addressed the **Bridgeport-Stratford, Conn.,** branch October 28.

The **Houston, Tex.,** branch held its second annual international longshoremen's association program October 30 at **Bethel** Baptist church. S. D. Washington was chairman of the program committee and was assisted by Jeff Robbins, C. Williams and A. R. Spiller. C. W. Moore was master of ceremonies.

A **Corpus Christi, Tex.,** branch was organized October 30 at a meeting of the First Congregational Christian church. More than 100 persons were present. The Rev. Spurgeon Jay Mayfield was elected president. Other officers are: A. V. Duvaughan, first vice-president; Mrs. Idelia Young, second vice-president; Gilbert Faulder, treasurer; Harry Z. Davis, secretary; and Velton Randall, assistant secretary. H. W. Williams is chairman of the legal counsel committee, the Rev. J. R. McGee chairman of the program committee and the Rev R. L. Palmer, publicity committee. Seventy-six persons joined the branch at its opening meeting. P. H. Snyder of Houston went to Corpus Christi to aid with the organization. The Royal Harmonizers furnished the music for the occasion.

The Rev. Browning C. Allen was the principal speaker for the **Tacoma, Wash.,** branch October 16. Rev. Allen traced the history of the Negro in America and pointed out some of the major achievements of the race.

The **Jersey City, N. J.,** branch met October 18 and saw the tuberculosis film, "Let My People Live" which features an all-colored cast. The branch had scheduled an old fashioned chicken dinner November 18. The Rev. E. P. Dixon is president and Miss Mary E. Pope secretary.

N.A.A.C.P. Youth Council News

Charleston Investigates Civic Needs

The Charleston, W. Va., youth council has chosen as its first objective "Civic Improvements Needed in Charleston." Investigations are under way and the findings will appear in a subsequent issue. The youth council and the junior youth council are working together in the sale of Christmas Seals.

The newly elected officers of the council are: Miss Cecil Mitchell, president; Richard Parker, vice-president; Marion White, secretary; Helen Lewis, corresponding secretary; Virginia Marshall, treasurer; Mary L. Williams, adviser.

Boston Wins Housing Fight

As a result of the month of effort expended and the very startling report presented to the Boston Housing Association by the youth council, a low-cost housing project has been approved for the South End. This area is largely populated by Negroes and it has been the subject for just such an improvement as this for many years.

Springfield Honors Johnson

A memorial service for the late James Weldon Johnson was held by the Springfield, Mass., youth council on October 27 at the American Youth Council headquarters on Worthington Street. A sketch of Dr. Johnson's life was given by Marquerite Carson, and reports on his musical works and poems were given by Phillis Lew. Elizabeth Jackson reported on his novels and one of his poems was read by Dorothy Clark. The Johnson pledge was read by Lillian Saxon. The meeting closed with the singing of "Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing."

Detroit Opens Banquet Series

The first of a series of six banquets sponsored by the Detroit, Mich., youth councils was held October 21 at the Lucy Thurman Y. W. C. A. Speakers were Rev. Keith Conning of the Southfield Community Mission, and Joseph Jenkins, Negro engineer connected with the Gratiot Avenue widening project. Marylin McDonald was chairman of the banquet committee.

Jersey City Holds Educational Meeting

On November 11, the Jersey City, N. J., youth council held an educational mass meeting around the theme "The Challenge of Youth." The guest speaker, Robert Johnson, a student at Union Theological Seminary, gave an inspiring talk to the many young people assembled. A banner was awarded to the church having the largest number of representatives present.

The Jersey City youth council is to be congratulated on the success of its first public meeting. It has just applied for its charter, and great things are expected of it in the future. The officers of the council are: R. Christina Seymour, president; James Haygood, Jr., vice-president; Lillian Harris, recording secretary; Margie Loyod, assistant secretary; Costella Coles, corresponding secretary; George Palmer, treasurer; adviser, Mrs. Rachel Golden.

San Antonio Elects Officers

At a recent election, the San Antonio, Tex., youth council selected the following persons for the ensuing year: Earl D. Alexander, president; Claude Black, first vice-president; George Stewart, second vice-president; Miss Willie Cockran, secretary; Jeweline Estranda, assistant secretary; Tenora Gallimor, corresponding secretary; Lillian Stain, treasurer; Ervin Littles, financial secretary; Edwin Edmonds, parliamentarian; Sylvester Mitchell, auditor; Benjamin Upshaw, reporter.

Charleston Junior Council Progressing

Since its organization a few months ago, the Charleston, W. Va., Junior youth council at Garnet high school has made rapid strides. It has already received its charter, and has engaged in a series of interesting programs. At two recent public meetings the speakers were Willard L. Brown, former youth council president, and T. G. Nutter, senior branch president. Through these meetings, held at Garnet and Boyd high schools respectively, the council brought the work of the association before nearly a thousand young people of junior high and high school ages.

The following officers will serve the council for the coming year: Anna Belle Goodwin, president; George Johnson, vice-president; Della L. Brown, secretary; Sylvester Daniels, treasurer; Alice Brown, chairman program committee; Mildred Badger, chairman entertainment committee; Erma McLemore, chairman membership committee; Mary L. Williams, adviser.

Your Mantle

Dedicated to the late James Weldon Johnson

By W. W. Lambert

Oh, thou honored one immortal!
On that final trip afar,
May your works of art and poetry
Be to all a guiding star.

May your "Negro National Anthem"
Set ten million hearts aflame,
May their voices ring like thunder
While its message they proclaim.

And if saints possess the power
To grant one favor by decree,
I would kneel and kindly ask you
To let your mantle fall on me.

And if so, I'd closely guard it
Bear it on through hatred's fire
Give my life to its protection
And soil it not with muck and mire.

Tarnish

By Gladys Mitchell

What have they done to you, shy-eyed maid,
To your lips, to your lute, to your heart?
What have they done to your velvet voice
That ascended the winds, unafraid?

What have they said to you, gold-brown girl,
To your ears, to your mind, to your soul?
What have they whispered to shrivel youth
That awaited the love to unfurl?

What have they thought of you, dusky-child,
When you silenced your song with a tear?
Elfin bells called you down silver paths
Which the tips of your slippers defiled.

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Hate

(*Continued from page* 394)

give her mother—the one who gave her life?"

"And what a life! They tell that she always nagged Ann to death! Anyhow—why should a mother shut the doors of her home in the face of her daughter because she chose to marry a man blacker than her mother would have chosen for her son-by-marriage?"

Mrs. Sands drew her lips in with a I won't-push-this-fool-argument sneer. I shall want you to drive me to Lauretta's after dinner, Roger," she told him after a slight pause. "Lauretta expects you! She and I were girls together!"

"Roger," Lee asked. "Do you care to meet a bride who spent two years as a wife before she was finally married?" Mrs. Sands red paled to a gray. Roger laughed.

"Don't be so shocked, mother! That was town talk all the years Henry was supposed to be off on that tour for an intense study of business. Of course everybody who spent those years hashing over this situation is going to fall into Miss Lauretta's this afternoon! They'd be afraid to stay away for fear someone might think they didn't belong!"

"And they want to add a deceitful simper to the hee-haw chorus they'll all be pouring out to draw attention to the loveliness of their cliques—to see if they can perfume away the stench around the bride's past!" Lee laughed.

Mrs. Sands laid her fork down. "Really, Lisa, if you are going to carry on this objectionable talk at the table, I'll have to excuse myself. Lauretta Jones is my best friend"—with a cross between a snort and a sniffle—"and anyone dear to her is dear to me."

Roger's voice curved gently across to his mother: "But mother!" he laughed apologetically. "Lee is only stating plainly what every durn one of them there will *know* this afternoon! Lee is just separating the marrow from the bones for us."

(So! I am at the point that he needs to explain me to her! Upstairs will be better for me after all. At least there won't be any prejudiced ignorance in my own room! She can have the chair—the room—Roger—and everything!) Lee thought to herself. "Sorry," she said aloud coolly to the mother, "the truth always will be the light, but light really blisters certain types of skin! I'll take a cup of tea upstairs in my own room."

Her chair went back in one swift push . . . —"If you'll excuse me!"

—So the cartwheels were still there.

—So this was not the time to straighten the crooked path.

Lee went out of the dining room to the small inner hall, where there was a cabinet of glass and dishes.

"I'll take my tea-pot and use my best small cloth upstairs. Maybe the touch of elegance will take my mind off of things."

She opened the drawer where the linens were and reached into a special corner where the cream damask luncheloth stayed.

It was not there.

Only two large table-cloths were left in the drawer.

"I know it isn't in the laundry! What on earth has happened to it!" Lee spoke aloud to herself.

She drew out an old stool and stood up to open the cabinet door.

Lee owned a tea set of cut glass with black inlay, a lovely Victorian ornate thing that had been her great grandmother's. That grandmother had been a seamstress for a wealthy group that had brought her gifts from every country they had visited.

Lee kept the tea set on a top shelf where nothing could possibly hurt its old fashioned loveliness.

She climbed up on the stool.

The top shelf was bare.

Lee stared at the empty space.

ROGER'S voice reached her; "Lee! Telephone! It's Mrs. Jones! She's having some sort of hysteria on the wire! She says Henry's new wife just dropped two of your cups—Say! You ought not to jump off of that chair like that! You will break your neck in those heels!"

Lee pushed Roger out of the way and threw the dining room door wide open.

Mrs. Sands was still in her seat. Something in Lee's face made her half rise.

"You gave Mrs. Jones my tea set!" Lee did not speak loudly at first. "You took my grandmother's tea set—without asking me!"

The older woman dropped back. Her ready sneer rode her features. "Surely anything in my son's house is mine too!"

"There are some things in your son's house—(which happens to be my house too)—that do not belong to your son! That tea set was mine! You had no right to touch *one thing* in here without asking me!"

"Asking *you?* I am his *mother!*"

"And I am his *wife!*"

This was one of the spots where life left no words to fight with.

But *eyes* can carry a battle forward.

Roger spoke. "Answer the phone, Lee!"

"Throw the phone and everything else out of the window!" Lee told him. ("Any fool could have said something wiser!") Lee told herself.

And she ran all the way up stairs to the couch in her room.

She heard Roger come up the stairs soon after.

He walked into his room. There was a sound of his closet door opening. He came out into the hall again and walked along the hall.

"Don't let him come in here!" Lee prayed to herself.

But the door opened. She kept her face buried on the couch. She could hear him cross two of the small spaces between the rugs. Then he stood still.

"I am going after your tea set, Lee," he said after a moment of silence.

There wasn't anything to say now. There was nothing to say unless you meant to use your words as a hatchet to hack out the roots of bitterness.

And Lee was too tired to hack. She'd spent too much strength trying to keep from blasting roots at the wrong time.

She kept her face turned to the pillow and waited.

Lee waited to hear Roger walk across the two small spaces between the rugs again. That would have meant that he was going out of the room.

But the sound did not come.

She twisted over suddenly.

Roger stood looking out of the window, his face in profile to her. Tense lines furrowed deep with a bitterness within, were drawn around his mouth. He stared far before him with the glaze of sadness you see in a person who has had to look a long time—alone—at some deep wound life has gashed in him.

"Why—*he* has seen how hatefully highhanded his mother can be—before this!" Shot swiftly through Lee's mind. "He has seen her do things this way before! *Her own* way! And to hell with you—your sense—your sensibilities—your property—or even your own soul! He has seen this all his life."

She started to rush over to him and throw her arms around him. But if she did that, the glazed sadness and the tense bitterness might run together. Then things might be said that could never be unsaid.

She would have to put her mind . . . and not herself—between him and the thing that was hurting him.

That thought made her able to drop her feet to the floor.

"I'll go with you Roger," she suggested. "There's a detour on the river road that I saw this morning. You might miss it in the dark. Better wear a heavy coat. It's damp over there near the water."

She began to talk lightly while she powdered her nose, touched her lips

and her cheeks, put on her hat and coat.

Then she ran downstairs ahead of him.

Passed the dining room door.

Talking — talking — lightly — lightly —lightly—spinning a gossamer of light talk so that there would be no chance for even one weighted word.

There are same cancerous spots in people's lives that no one ever wants to touch.

She did not wait for Roger to answer. She did not want him to answer, until the lines in his face were softer.

There are some cancerous spots in peoples lives that no one ever wants to touch. Never.

She shook the door of the car a dozen times before she realized it was locked and that Roger was digging in his pockets for the keys.

They were ten miles out on the River road before Roger spoke: "You take much better care of me than I do of you, I am afraid, Lee!" was all he said.

It was enough, though.

His face was not bitter drawn, hard and old now. He was himself once more.

It was enough.

She had blurred, then, some of the saw-toothed edges of hatefulness that must have eaten into him before this.

"Why *she* meant to go! *She* wanted to go to the tea! And we forgot her!" Lee remembered suddenly.

"We forgot her!"

And the fear of the hate that had seemed so strong—so full of power?

"I even forgot to be afraid while I was trying to help Roger get back into himself!"

And if you can forget the fear of a hate—walk out even for one second from under the shadow of the fear—that means it is nothing.

Nothing.

No hate has ever unlocked the myriad interlacings—the *front* of love.

Hate is nothing.

Call and Post

(*Continued from page* 391)

perience from the project, and left it in the hand of Mrs. Cresta A. Taylor, a major stockholder.

Mrs. Taylor employed Perry B. Jackson (now assistant police prosecutor at Cleveland) as managing editor, and assumed the business management. Rent trouble soon developed, and when the plant had been removed from 5912 Central Avenue, most of the original equipment had been lost to creditors, one Model 14 Linotype alone being salvaged from the wreck.

With this machine as a basis, and still under the management of Mrs. Taylor, The Cleveland Call began to set its own type and job the press-work with outside firms. The constant drain on the Taylor purse, however, soon found The Call "wobbling badly" and close to impending demise.

Meanwhile, Herbert Chauncey, James Smith and the Murrell brothers, following their withdrawal from the Pioneer Publishing Company, had organized the Murrell Printing Company (still extant) and this group, bitten again by the publishing "bug", launched The Post, primarily issued in the interest of the Modern Crusaders, a fraternal organization. The publishers were listed as The Crusaders Publishing Company, with Norman L. McGhee, Cleveland attorney, as managing editor. The paper again went back to Negro printers, being printed in its entirety by the Murrell Printing Company.

With both papers signally unsuccessful from a financial viewpoint, a merger effected in 1928 combined the resources of the two, into today's Cleveland Call and Post. The Murrell Company, however, refused to print the merged papers (a little matter of past due printing bills obstructing), and the paper was "let" to the American Bohemian Publishing Company, a white plant. A succession of editors followed, McGhee being succeeded by William Porter, and Porter in turn by Eugene Cheeks, a printer (now publishing The Cleveland Guide) who threw into the effort a small amount of equipment, which was combined again with the Murrell brothers plant, under a temporary arrangement known as the Murrell-Cheeks Holding Company, and printing of the paper was resumed by Negroes with Mr. Cheeks in full charge. Cheeks lasted for about three months.

At this period Herbert Chauncey, one of the moving spirits in the newly rejuvenated Call and Post was claimed by death. Cheeks quit in disgust. Coleman Chauncey, a brother of the deceased Herbert, assumed both his holdings and interest in the paper, and with a force centered in Edward Murrell, and his loyal assistant Mrs. Ida Morgan, the publication dodged the shadow of death until in October, 1932, when up from Washington, came the present managing editor, an alert young journalist with a tested background of successful newspaper experience, William O. Walker.

Walker soon realized that the creation of a small but highly efficient staff was the immediate problem. From his previous contacts he tried vainly to induce trained men in other sections of the country to share their lot with him in Cleveland. The pitifully small remunerations possible discouraged those few who listened, and forced young Walker to embark upon his almost impossible task of educating his own staff.

Walker Trains Staff

With the exception of Mrs. Ida Morgan and one trained man secured for his advertising department, and two employees added within the past year, the staff of The Cleveland Call and Post, is essentially "homemade," the young editor having filled the positions of editor, manager, reporter, advertising solicitor, compositor and distributor, while his immature staff learned the business under his tutelage. The firm now employs twelve full-time employees.

From its almost ignominious position in 1932, The Call and Post, following the principles of clean reporting, militant interest in the affairs of its readers, particularly those affecting civil rights, now boasts a circulation (net paid over the past six months) that represents one paper to each Negro family in Cleveland, with 12,000 copies serving 78,000 Negroes in Cleveland and vicinity.

In addition to owning modern equipment capable of producing its twelve-page newspaper from copy desk straight through to final lockup, The Call and Post is one of the few Negro newspapers in the nation to own and operate its own engraving department. It also boasts of a complete modern photographic department. Its cameraman, Felix Walker, was the only Negro accredited to the ringside of a Joe Louis championship fight, and to the Republican National convention.

It is one of the most picturized newspapers published by Negroes in America, rarely having to depend on outside sources for its pictures or engravings. Through the purchase of International Wire Photo Service, it combined its engraving facilities to "beat" every Negro weekly in the country in the matter of scoring a "first" with action pictures of the Louis-Schmeling fight.

Selling more papers in the Cleveland area than the three other local Negro weeklies and all outside papers combined, The Call and Post, has geared its program to the new day in Negro journalism, and set its goal for 100% coverage of the populous state of Ohio. Its policy of alertness, its crusading spirit, and its compact, but efficient, hard-hitting staff, is a challenge to the other papers to "get better or get out of the way."

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Responding to frequent inquiries, THE CRISIS carries herewith the names and addresses with telephone numbers of some of the 1300 colored attorneys in the United States, purely as a service to those seeking such information. THE CRISIS does not maintain a legal bureau, as many readers seem to think, and the N.A.A.C.P. concerns itself only with cases involving color discrimination, segregation or denial of citizenship rights. Lawyers whose names do not appear below are requested to write to THE CRISIS.

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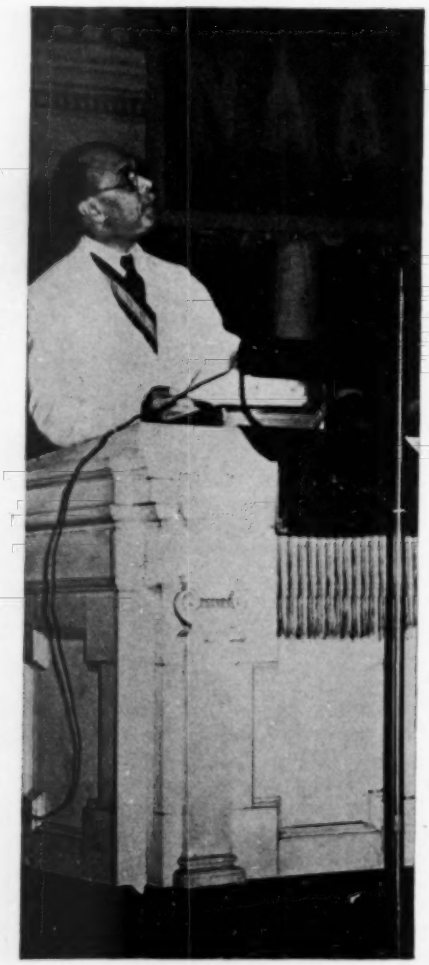

James Weldon Johnson speaking at the Detroit NAACP Conference, 1937

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College and School News

(*Continued from page* 381)

sions of the Congregational and Christian Churches and chairman of the American Missionary Association Division.

Fisk's student body numbers 470.

LeMoyne College Federal Art Center has enlarged its staff and program to meet the demand for increased community participation with new courses in textile design, fabric block print design, art appreciation and history. From Oct. 16 to 29, the tenth exhibition of creative work by children was held.

New teachers at **Storer College** are Miss Margaret Cashdollar, M.A., George Peabody Teachers College (Latin), and Alva Johnson, Morgan and Temple Univ. (high school English—Football). Mrs. Chas. W. Wolfe is new part time library assistant.

The Arkansas Baptist College history study club is staging interesting lectures by local and out-of-town speakers; tours of historic places in Little Rock and environs.

Graduates of 32 colleges and universities in U.S.A.. and abroad are enrolled for graduate work at **Atlanta University.**

Pres. David D. Jones of **Bennett College** and Rev. R. W. Winchester of High Point, N. C., were recently elected delegates to the Uniting Conference of the Methodist Church from the North Carolina Annual Conference which just closed its 1938 session at Hickory, N. C. Dr. Jones was lay representative.

Shaw University reports that more than 80 per cent of its 78 graduates last spring have been appointed to a position or entered graduate school, according to Dr. Nelson H. Harris, director of its Appointments Bureau. An annual average of 85 per cent of appointments of Shaw grads has been maintained despite the depression.

The presidents of Negro land grant colleges met in their 16th annual conventioin at International House, Chicago, on November 14, 15 and 16. The theme of the meeting was "Enlarging the Service and Support of Negro Land-Grant Colleges". John W. Davis of West Virginia State is President of the Conference group and R. B. Atwood of Kentucky State is Chairman.

The course in Remedial Reading for Junior High School students organized over ten years ago at **Downingtown Industrial School** under the instruction of Mrs. Virginia L. Waring, has been most successful in correcting defects. This year a similar course has been organized for Senior High School students.

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—**Income of $15,061,347.72**
—**Insurance in force: $288,963,070.00**
—**Policies in force: 1,643,125**
—**Ordinary Insurance: $80,106,234**
—**Industrial Insurance: $181,961,766.63.**
—**Health and Accident Insurance: $26,895,069.37**
—**Employment: 8,150 Negroes**
—**Policies issued and Revived in 1936: $174,112,773.00**
—**Increased business, 1936: $65,645,466**
—**Increase in policies, 1936: 251,047**

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Rev. John Haynes Holmes, New York
Prof. Manley O. Hudson, The Hague
Hon. Ira W. Jayne, Detroit
Rev. A. Clayton Powell, New York
Mr. Arthur B. Spingarn, New York
Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, New York

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

(For Terms Expiring December 31, 1941)

Mrs. Lillian A. Alexander, New York
Mr. Louis C. Blount, Detroit
Hon. Harry E. Davis, Cleveland
Mr. Roscoe Dunjee, Oklahoma City
Rev. John Haynes Holmes
Hon. Herbert H. Lehman, New York
Mr. Alfred Baker Lewis, Boston
Mr. Eugene M. Martin, Atlanta
Mr. Isadore Martin, Philadelphia
Miss L. Pearl Mitchell, Cleveland
Dr. Joseph W. Nicholson, Talladega, Ala.
Mr. T. G. Nutter, Charleston, W. Va.
Hon. Charles Poletti, New York
Dr. W. L. Ransome, Richmond, Va.
Mr. J. E. Spingarn, Amenia, New York
Dr. E. W. Taggart, Birmingham, Ala.

(For Term Expiring December 31, 1939)

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, New York

New members nominated to the Board are: Mr. Louis C. Blount of Detroit, for four years secretary and two years president of the Detroit Branch and a faithful and efficient worker in the Association's cause for many years, now Vice-President and Secretary of the Great Lakes Mutual Insurance Company; Mr. Alfred Baker Lewis, Secretary of the Boston Branch, State Secretary of the Socialist Party and long a worker in the Association's cause; Mr. Eugene M. Martin of Atlanta, Secretary-Treasurer of the Atlanta Life Insurance Company, and President of the Atlanta University Alumni Association; Hon. Charles Poletti of New York, recently elected Lieutenant-Governor, former Justice of the New York State Supreme Court, and Chairman of the Governor's Commission on the Constitutional Convention; Dr. W. L. Ransome, distinguished clergyman and leader, Vice-President of the Richmond Branch, and Pastor of the First Baptist Church, South Richmond, Virginia. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, for many years a member of the Spingarn Medal Award Committee and especially interested in the work of the Association and the welfare of the Negro. Judge Ira W. Jayne who has served for a number of years as a member of the National Board of Directors was nominated to succeed the late James Weldon Johnson as Vice-President. Colonel Roosevelt succeeds Mr. Johnson on the Board of Directors. The other nominations for the Board are of members whose terms expire December 31, 1938.

These nominations will be voted on at the Annual Business Meeting of the Association to be held Tuesday, January 3, 1939:

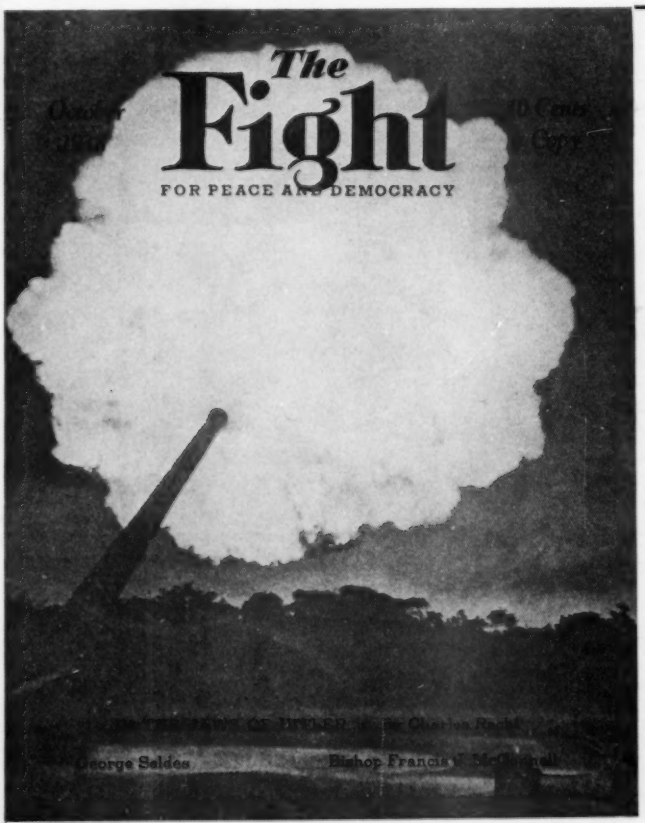
Committee on Nominations:

Marion Cuthbert
Gloster B. Current
Jesse G. Dickinson
William Lloyd Imes
J. M. Tinsley
Elizabeth Yates Webb
Louis T. Wright

Official Notice of Business Meeting

The Annual Business Meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People will be held on Tuesday, January 3, 1939, at 2:00 P.M., at the offices of the Association, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

At this meeting will be submitted reports of officers. Nominations for members of the Board of Directors will be voted upon.



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Be sure to specify a book from this list (Offer expires January 22, 1939):

1 THE PASTURES OF HEAVEN, *by* John Steinbeck
2 THE RIGHT TO WORK, *by* Nels Anderson
3 THE LABOR SPY RACKET, *by* Leo Huberman
4 YOU CAN'T DO THAT, *by* George Seldes
5 ONE-FIFTH OF MANKIND, *by* Anna Louise Strong
6 SCHOOL FOR BARBARIANS, *by* Erika Mann

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